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I CURE FITS!

BLACKBERRY MONEY.

"Five dollars for them blackberries! It's a very nice little sum," said James Turnpenny, rubbing his wrinkled hands. "Better give it to me to keep for you, Hattie. It'll only get frittered away if you put it in your purse."

Hattie Turnpenny's beaming face involuntarily fell. "But, father, I should so like to keep it myself."

"Nonsense, nonsense! You'll only spend it," growled James.

"I do need a new alpaca dress for Sundays, father," pleaded Hattie, piteously.

"Vanity and vexation of spirit!" croaked James. "The old gown is plenty good enough! I do believe all a woman thinks of is dress. Give it to me, Hattie —give it to me! I'll keep it for you. And once it's in the bank, it'll be drawin' twenty-five cents a year. Only think of that!"

And thus speaking, old James Turnpenny pocketed the five-dollar bill.

"Father—"

"Now don't tease another word, Hattie; I know what's right and proper, better than you do. And it's my bounden duty to teach my gal to be saving and economical."

Hattie Turnpenny went up to her room, nervously picking to pieces the stem of blue larkspur which she held in her hand, while a mist of tears obscured her eyes. Do not smile at her troubles, fair denizens of M—— avenue or S—— street. To her that five-dollar bill represented as much, and more than the checks your father draws for you to pay Madame Riddle-cumfuss's annual bill for flowers, French hats, and grenadine polonaises.

"I did want that alpaca dress so much," sobbed Hattie. "And the old one isn't fit to wear. And I am the slimmest dressed girl at meeting."

And Hattie cried afresh to think of all those melting, boiling days she had spent in the hot, dusty pasture, gathering the fruit whose proceeds had been so deliberately confiscated by her flinty-hearted old father!

While, below stairs, Samuel Turnpenny smiled grimly to himself. "They're crazy to spend all they've got, those young folks," said he.

"It's too bad," said Mrs. Turnpenny," who was starching her Sunday caps at a table by the window. "The gal has earned it herself."

"You women are all alike," said James, sharply. But nevertheless, he took the five-dollar bill from the stable-drawer, where he had put it, and restored it to the depths of his pocket. "Patty'll give it back to her just as quick as ever my back is turned," reflected he. "It's amazing how the women folks will hang together. I guess I'd best jest put away up the garret somewhere till I get ready to go to the bank."

The garret was a dismal, cobwebby sort of a place, lighted only by one small window, and there, between the folds of a moth-eaten woolen blanket that had long been discarded from household use, Farmer Turnpenny put the bill.

"Father, said Hattie, coming to him the next day, "can't you please let me have the blackberry money?" Alice Fortune says she will sell me her grenadine that she has worn only two years for five dollars, and I can make it over so that it will be equal to new. Do, father."

Mr. Turnpenny looked this way and that. He was a miser at heart, and could sooner have parted with a drop of his life-blood than to give up the five-dollar bill, now that it was once within his clutches.

"I—I can't, Hattie!" muttered he.

"But, father—"

"I tell you I can't. I—I've lost the money, so there's an end of it."

"Oh, father!" Hattie burst out crying, but her tears only made the old man a degree or so more obstinate and contrary than ever.

"It's up and down sinful to set one's heart on finery in that sort of way," growled he, as he shambled out of the room.

Mrs. Turnpenny took that especial evening to go up in the garret with an illuminating kerosene lamp in her hand, to investigate Farmer Turnpenny's bedding. "Because," said Mrs. Turnpenny to herself, "if there's any new quilts to be pieced or comfortables to be tied, I'd better be at out 'em. Dear me! This old blanket aint good for much. I do declare, if it ain't most riddled by the moths. I guess it'll be a charity to me and mother folks, to give it to Helen Morris to cut into pettycoats or her twins."

So saying, Mrs. Turnpenny gave the blanket a vigorous shake, and—out fluttered a five dollar bill!

"Ca'me!" said Mrs. Turnpenny. "If this ain't a regular dispensation of Providence! Just what poor Hattie wants for her grenadine gown. How ever did it come there? Well, well, findings is keepings, and I'll go right over to Fortunes and bargain for that 'ere dress that Alice is tired of!" And Mrs. Turnpenny went chuckling down stairs.

Saturday morning came, bright and early, with a dazzling blue sky overhead, the clover blossoms and wild roses freshened by a recent rain, and the whole air vocal with the whistle of the robins and blackbirds. Mr. James Turnpenny was going to the city—to the bank. And Hattie was going, too, with a basket of eggs, a neatly-packed jar of butter, and a pair of spring chickens. Mrs. Turnpenny's thrifty contribution to the wagon load. "Come, come, hurry up!" What are we waiting for?" impatiently demanded James, as he stood on the step. "Oh, hullo! hold on! I've forgot something! Just keep an eye on old Mig, will you, Patty, while I run up stairs." And away pelted Mr. Turnpenny after the five-dollar bill. But the five-dollar bill, as we know very well, wasn't there!

Down he came again, two steps at a time, scarlet in the face, and dreadful with perspiration. "Patty, Patty! Where are you?" "Why, Hattie, this ain't never you!"

"Yes, it is I, father," said Hattie, all smiles and dimples. "In my new dress! How do you like it?"

"Your—new—dress!" gasped Turnpenny, mopping his face with a yard-square bandanna pocket handkerchief. "Well, when in the name of all the dogs, did you get it?"

"I bought it of Alice Fortune, father. And Mother gave me the money."

"Yes," added comfortable Mrs. Turnpenny, who had just brought in a basket of pastry shell for dinner, "it was a regular windfall, that money was, James. I was just a rummaging up in the garret, and I found it in the old moth-eaten flannel blanket that I was going to give Pat Morris' wife. Wasn't I lucky?"

"If you was as wise as a serpent and as harmless as a dove," he muttered between his teeth, "them women folks would get the best of you!"

And so the Blackberry money came around to Hattie Turnpenny, after all!

Why Does the Needle Point North?

It seems absurd that the magnetic needle, without which no sailor has dared to leave port for centuries, should still be an object of mystery; nevertheless it is a fact. We are not only ignorant why the needle points north, but do not know the cause of its variation. One thing we do know is that when used on an iron ship the needle is much affected.

AMONG THE PRINTERS.

Some Interesting Incidents of Life in the Composing-Room.

Just as much of the humorous character as has ever been gathered together and published by "funny-men" graduates from composing-rooms has been kept from the columns of newspapers because after the laugh the jokes created they have been almost forgotten. But a few of the decidedly rich thing that have been "got off" in composing-rooms by the men who have reputations in their sphere as workmen are well worth recording.

While a well-known foreman of *The New York Post* composing-room wielded authority there some twenty years ago—he now having a post at a foreign station under the government—he was accustomed with rushing the office with a shorter allowance of type than any other man as a foreman would have thought possible, or would have had the temerity to do. He was constantly besieged for "sorts," and his policy was occasion of much vituperation piled upon his head—when he was not present. On one day a "sub" in the office was seen, toward the end of composition hours, crawling about the floor and picking up type. He was asked by the joker of the room:

"What are you doing, Jack?"

"I'm trying to get type enough to finish this 'take;' that's what I'm doing," said he, in rather a disgusted tone.

"Well, what sorts do you want? What are you short of?"

"I want some h's."

"Sic a one's here under No. 19's frame. He's an Englishman. He drops them," was the comfortable reply.

This same foreman was somewhat particular as to the care displaying in setting type, and was very much perplexed any time if a bad division had made an offense in any office in a matter of fact. A "comp." new to the office had on his first day's work divided the word tongue, doing it thus—too-gue. The proof on which it occurred came under the "old man's" eye, and as the "sins" gave the perpetrator away, he went for him thus:

"What have you got in your mouth?" thinking to gain a point on the "comp." by his answering and pronouncing the offending word correctly.

"Heh?"

"What have you in your mouth sir?"

"Crackers, sor," was the paralyzing answer, and the foreman, although "skinned," retired to a corner to himself to indulge in the general laugh that ensued.

A well-known foreman of a large New York newspaper composing-room—although another resides inside the office and favoring nobody, and a decidedly good fellow outside—was very fond of a quiet joke, which usually partook of a rather practical nature. Some years ago a "chapel" meeting was held on the question of having too many compositors on the paper, and a committee of six was appointed to wait upon the foreman and try to get him to consent to reduce the force. A gentleman who is still known among New York printers was chosen chairman of the committee and spokesman, and he and his associates waited upon the "old man" and stated the case, saying that if the force were reduced those remaining could make a decent living, when the following colloquy took place:

"How many too many men do you think are on the paper?"

"We have considered the matter and think six is about the number."

The foreman glanced with a twinkle in his eye from one end of the committee line to the other, and said, with a wave of the hand across: "Well, you six can go," and they were discharged.

The Misunderstood Hotel Clerk.

"You see," said the clerk, "one of our chief duties is to answer questions. A thing you are in the habit of doing all the time soon becomes almost automatic, and you can do it while your mind is really on other things. People ask the same questions of a hotel clerk a hundred times a day. He quickly gets the answers down to the briefest possible formula. These he rattles off in a perfunctory, uninteresting way to all inquirers, including newspaper men. The newspaper men get an idea that they have not received sufficient attention, and immediately jump to the conclusion that the clerk's abstracted manner is due to self-conceit, when it is simply a result of systematizing his work." There is a great deal in this, but the fact remains that in some unaccountable manner many hotel clerks, and especially young ones, absorb the idea that they are of vast consequence in a community, and above the necessity which other business men find of being civil to all comers. I saw one of these self-important lads beautifully taken down by an old and much experienced man at an uptown hotel a short time ago. The young man in question handles the mail of so many distinguished statesmen that he quite considers himself one of them, and feels competent to patronize any ordinary people who fall in his way. A well-known senator of dyspeptic diathesis and uncertain temper had just arrived. The young clerk beamed on him with all the kindness of personal regard inspired after his fourth, and would up by asking, in a rather loud tone of voice, when the statesman's wife and daughter would return to town. The senator turned on him with a look that just desolated the smile on his countenance, and dryly, but loudly, answered: "Well, I'll let you know in time for you to make the fires in their rooms."

Claret and Watermelon.

Claret wine isn't particularly objectionable if poured into a watermelon. It assimilates with the juice of the fruit very nicely. One bottle is, perhaps, a sufficiency, and you gain the two flavors—that of the grape and that of melon. It is done on the principle of mixing a salad; you must use just enough of the condiments of the dressing so that you may get a sniff of each without any one predominating. Therefore one bottle of claret is enough, it is thought. Besides this, a quart bottle of the best table claret costs perhaps eighty cents or $1, while a bottle of foreign champagne costs $3 or more. Many people prefer the watermelon without any addition to its taste. Others favor want it to call for improvements. The real requisites for the enjoyment of this grand fruit is thirst and a hot day. Let the melon under these conditions be taken from its bed of ice and eaten. It is something fit for the gods.

Rapidity of Sensation.

Attempts to determine the speed of thought have been made by Professor Donders of Utrecht, with two instruments, which he calls the noematachograph and the noematachometer. He has found that the brain must act for .030 of a second to produce a single idea, but this time will probably be shown to vary with different brains. For the eye to receive an impression requires .077 of a second, and the ear needs .149 of a second to appreciate a sound. the action of the eye being nearly twice as rapid as that of the ear.

HER LAST FUNERAL.

She Sells Fruit to Printers, but Four Horses Draw Her Husband's Hearse.

Mrs. Catherine O'Connor, who is "Aunty" to every one about the newspaper offices, from the loads of the business departments to the last printer's devil in the composing rooms, yesterday made her first appearance since Saturday on her old route. Thirty-five years ago, when Aunty landed at Castle Garden, she had a hearty husband in Timothy O'Connor and four fine children, besides two that had died in England. First she kept a little fruit, bread, cake and candy shop on Rose street, but trouble came and she had to take her stock of fruit in a basket and go around to the newspaper offices selling it. The children died one by one, and seven years ago Timothy, who used to clean coffee in a Cliff street house, became sick and never could work afterward. Aunty kept the pot boiling with her fruit peddling and little odd jobs of scrubbing and washing about the office.

Last Saturday Timothy died, and that was why Aunty was missed from her usual rounds. On Tuesday he had his funeral, and a glow of honest pride diluted the widowly woe in Aunty's face as she told about it.

"I gev thim all foine funerals," she said, "all o' me four childer, but me husband's—it was the finest o' the lot. Didn't yez see it? Why, there wor four horses on the hearse, all with black plumes, a waitin', and there wor as many as five stagen carriages a-follovin'. They kem up out o' Frankfort street, an' 'round roun' to Spruce, an' down to William, an' back through Frankfort, an' then to Chatham square and Calvary Cemetery. I couldn't be satisfied, sor, unless I felt I'd done my duty by him wid his funeral."

Aunty visits nearly all of the newspaper offices. The foreman in the composing room of one of the offices spoke coarsely to her once, and she has never been there since. She starts at the business office every afternoon with her basket as full as she can carry. It grows lighter as she goes on up through the editorial and other departments, until finally the printers under the roof empty it for her, and she goes away to fill it up again and start for the next office.

She has known all the newspaper men of the city for a generation back. Horace Greeley is her favorite. "He always used to be happy," she says, "to see a body like me able to get along for myself. An, he wor a nice man; I always liked to go to the *Tribune* when he wor there."

Aunty had to tell all her customers yesterday about the funeral.

"Well, Aunty," she was asked, "now you've given all your children fine funerals, and your husband a grand one, who's going to get up a funeral for you when you die?"

"Ah, God will, and the good neighbors that's around me. Niver fear but that I'll get dacintly under the sod."—*New York Sun.*

Women as Successful Physicians.

There are 150 female physicians in New York to-day, and the number in Brooklyn and the surrounding cities doubles that. Among those in New York City there are quite a number who have incomes of $10,000; two or three make yearly sums ranging from $10,000 to $20,000, and one has averaged for the last four years a steady income of $25,000. Dr. Emily Blackwell is the President of the Woman's Medical College and has besides a large practice. She has adopted children and makes a charming home for them. Dr. Mary Putnam has a large clientele and consults with the first male physicians of the city; indeed, more than one physician has a regular female conferere, to whom he recommends some of his patients to go for special courses of treatment. Several of these female practitioners are house physicians to hospitals, and the Lucretia Mott Hospital in Brooklyn is entirely officered by them. Some women physicians work in partnership with each other, among whom are Drs. Eliza M. Mosher and Lucy M. Hall, of Brooklyn, and the two sister doctors, Sarah and Julia McNutt. Dr. Sarah has charge of the babies' ward of the Post-Graduate Hospital, and Dr. Julia has founded a training school for nurses. Both are physicians in high standing and have a large practice, especially among children. Drs. Annie Daniels and Kate Barker are both women of influence and of the widest-reaching charity. Dr. Elizabeth Cushier is a celebrated anatomist and yet is a small, feminine, quiet-voiced little woman. Drs. Lozier, Post and Faunce are all well known for good work. Without exception these women are quiet, well-bred, gentle-mannered and soft-voiced. One lonely young woman whose physician was of the same sex said a short while ago: "When I am homesick and miss my mother I go and talk ten minutes to my dear doctor and come home quite happy again."

Take the Proper Bath.

There is a number of varieties of bath at each temperature. Thus, if the entire body is submerged, it is a full bath; if only half, it is a half bath; if the feet only are immersed, it is a foot bath, etc. Sponging the entire surface is an easy and convenient means of securing most of the advantages of the full bath, while the trouble of the latter (expense also) is avoided. If cold water is used, the skin is stimulated and the nervous system receives all the tonic effects to be had from bathing. The shower bath is still more stimulating to the nerves and skin. If it is cold, there may be considerable risk of doing injury. This is true of all forms of "cold" baths. No one with degenerated heart or arteries should incur the dangers of the cold "full" or "shower bath." The first effect of the application of cold to the skin is to cause a sudden contraction of all the small blood vessels, thus driving the blood in upon the central organs. An additional strain is thus placed upon the vessels of the lungs, brain—in fact, of the whole interior department. If their walls have been weakened by disease they may give way; apoplexy or rupture of an an-urism may follow the injudicious application of cold bathing.

Wrote Backwards.

A gentleman in Washington, who has had business relations with Oscar J. Harvey, the Treasury forger, tells an interesting story of Harvey's peculiar signature. He says that Harvey, in signing his names to checks and other business papers, invariably writes backward, beginning with the word "Harvey;" he next writes the letter "O," and then comes the name "Oscar," which he writes backward, beginning with the letter "r." The gentleman says he has seen Harvey sign his name in that way more than a dozen times, and that on each occasion the act was accomplished with the rapidity of lightning, it being plainly apparent that its owner had been in the habit of writing it thus for many years. The business man once asked Harvey for an explanation of his peculiar signature, but was rewarded only with a smile and a knowing shake of the head.

AT THE FAIR.

What Two Fools Will Do for a Cheap Set of Furniture.

The third day of the fourth annual fair and exposition of the Wisconsin Industrial association, held at Racine, attracted the largest attendance seen at the fair grounds this year.

There were nearly ten thousand visitors at the fair in the course of the day, and the exposition is the most successful ever held here. The sensational feature of the day was the marriage of Jabez Beresford and Mary Augusta Webb, who were wedded at the fair grounds.

The association offered a prize of a $60 set of furniture to any couple consenting to be married at the fair, and Beresford and his betrothed realized their opportunity to achieve fame and a furniture set, at the same time avoiding the customary fee to the parson. The marriage took place in front of the grand stand at 11 in the morning. A platform was erected, decorated with evergreens and surmounted by a gilded yoke, from which depended two nooses of evergreens. The improvised sanctuary looked like a fancy gallows.

GREAT CROWDS HAD GATHERED

around the grand stand in anticipation of the event. Shortly before 11 a brass band began to play dolorous music of a funeral-march style, and word was passed that the couple was en route. The crowd increased till nearly everbody on the grounds was in the vicinity of the grand stand trying to get a view of the happy pair. The band relented and changed the tune to a lively air as Jabez and Mary Augusta drove up in on open carriage. They were greeted with cheers, and with great self-possession passed in front of the grand stand to the platform. Jabez helped his bride up the steps, and both struck attitudes under the yoke. Miss Webb is a nice-looking young woman about twenty years old. She is a blonde, and has a pleasant face and a neat figure. She was quite prettily dressed in purple velvet and white silk, surmounted by a heliotrope bonnet. She comes from Antioch, Ill. He has a good-humored face, and is prepossessing in appearance. His costume consisted

MAINLY OF WHITE KID GLOVES.

The ceremony was performed by Justice Heyers of Racine, who has only one arm, but he tied the knot as well and quickly as if he had half a dozen. Jabez punctuated the final sentence with a kiss on Miss Webb's cheek—a kiss that could be heard all over the grounds. The osculation was the signal for a burst of applause and long cheers, amid which and the congratulations of many well-wishers Mr. and Mrs. Beresford jumped into their carriage and were driven away. The set of furniture was sent after them, and Jabez and Mary Augusta have the satisfaction of knowing their wedding was more largely attended than ever celebrated in Wisconsin.

—*Chicago Herald.*

Where Are the Manly Boys?

Can you find me in any of our great cities a manly boy?

If so, he is an exception. Where are the roystering youths of our early days? Where the boys who defied the police, upset ash barrels, raced around the block, played ball in defiance of authority, climbed trees, flew kites, played marbles, wrestled with each other by the hour, had hearty appetites, red cheeks, sturdy muscles and dirty hands?

You can't find them.

There is no such thing in existence within the bounds of any city. Your boys now are milksops, with long tail coats and dude collars that hold their chins in air, rings on their fingers and jewels on their shirt fronts, pale, weak eyed, puny fisted, cigarette stinking machines. If in the very heyday of youth, when red blood should pump thru their veins with the vigor of an avalanche, if when sleep should be sweet and restless occupation a continuous desire, they are flabby muscled, feeble kneed, listless as to manner, as to the manners and fashions of the vile, what will they be when age settles upon them and the duties of life confront them? And yet these are to be the husbands of our girls, these effeminate, puling, monkey-eyed babblings are to be the fathers of our grandchildren, whose votes are to shape the destinies of the republic, whose faculties are to be the props of great enterprises in years to come.

The New Version Falls Flat.

"It is true," said a gentleman to a Journal reporter, "that there has been a falling off as compared with the demand when the revised Bible first appeared, but there has not been such a falling off as to warrant that statement. There is a steady sale and a slight increase has begun. There has never been the same demand for the Bible as for the New Testament in the revised form."

At the rooms of the Massachusetts Bible society it was said that sixty copies of the King James version were still sold for every one of the revised. There was a tendency to criticise the change, which makes a less definite distinction between chapters. The price of the old version is also lower, and an octave edition of the revised Bible selling at $1.50 is no better a book than that published by the society for seventy-five cents.

"That statement is strictly true," said Mr. Upham, a book dealer. "The revised version has fallen flat. It has not been adopted by the Episcopal clergy of this country or in England. It is not wanted. Bishop Williams hit the matter rightly when he said the revisers were so saturated with Greek that they forgot how to use their English correctly. The beauties of the work has been from the start a case of how not to do it. The work is too expensive, the type is too small, and it is otherwise undesirable. We have no demand for it."

"It sells very slowly, indeed, with us," was the answer at the Universalist Publishing House. "There has been some little call for the revised New Testament, but I see nothing that indicates any general use of the book."

Boston Journal.

A Granger in a Big Hotel.

A granger from Indiana strayed into one of the large hotels, and said he'd like to stop until the night train went out. That was just before the dinner hour. When meal time was announced the man from Indiana advanced to the counter and asked where the sink was. I knew what he wanted, and waved my hand in the direction of the washroom. He started off, and in about a minute I heard loud laughter from the people outside in the corridor. On looking out, I saw my country friend busily engaged in washing his face at the drinking-fountain. I hastened out, to inform him that he had made a mistake; but he met me before I could reach the spot. He presented a ludicrous sight. The water was dripping from his face, head and hands, while his hat, coat and vest, lay in a heap on a chair near the fountain.

"Whar do ye keep yer towel?" stammered out the old fellow.

One of the porters then took pity on the stranger and led him to the place he wanted, where he finished his toilet.

ORIGIN OF POPULAR PHRASES.

Seedy—Weary, worn out, out of sorts. (Saxon sobfre, weary, sated, sick.) A hat or coat is termed seedy when it has become shabby. A man is seedy after a debauch, when he looks and feels out of sorts.

He's a Robert Macaire—A Bluff, free-living, unblushing libertine, who commits the most horrible crimes without stint or compunction. It is a character in M. Daumier's drama of D'Ambrugo des adrets. His accomplice is Bertrand, a simpleton and villain.

To Go the Rounds, or To Walk the Rounds—In former times in England, the lawyers used frequently to give interviews to their clients in the Round Church; and 'walk the round' meant loitering about the Round Church, under the hope of being hired for a witness.

Stuck-Up People—Pretentious people; parvanus; nobodies who assume to be somebodies. The allusion is to birds, as the peacock which sticks up its tail; the turkey-cock, which sticks up its feathers generally, etc., to add to its 'importance,' and 'awe down' antagonists.

Plateau—This word was introduced into the English language in 1837. The editor of the Annual Register for that year described the battle of Hyiam, and in doing so mentioned a flattish hill, which he said 'in French military phraseology is called a plateau.' Lest this should be misunderstood he inserted a foot note to state that the word meant a platform.

Putting the Right Foot Forward—One of the additions of Pythagoras was this: 'When stretching forth your feet to have your sandals put on first extend your right foot, but when about to step into a bath let your left foot enter first.' Jamblichus says the hidden meaning is: 'That worthy actions should be done heartily, but base ones should be avoided.'

Demoralize—Our own Dr. Webster seems to have coined this word. Prof. Lyell, an English author, in his 'Travels in the United States,' says that when he was in this country he called upon Webster, who, in reply to questions, said he had 'only coined one word, the verb to demoralize, and that not for the dictionary, but for a pamphlet published in the last century.'

Gall—The verb to gall is a metaphorical allusion to the helpless state of a young bird when it first feels the effect of the down of an unfledged bird. The French use the word *mais*, a swallow, to signify one easily galled. The Italians use the word *pipione*, a young pigeon, in the same sense. We have borrowed the latter, and use the word in the case of a dirty, ugly who has been duped at cards or any other game.

To Trumpet One's Good Deeds—The allusion is to one of the Pharisaic sect called the almsgiver, who had a trumpet sounded before them, ostensibly to summon the poor together, but in reality to publish abroad their almsgiving and benevolence. In the phrase, 'you sound your trumpet,' the allusion is to heralds, who used to announce with a flourish of trumpets the knights who entered a list.

Bummer—Literally one who sits or idles about; a loafer; a fast, reckless and intemperate person. The term originated in California a few years ago, and was first applied to a class of men who professed to be journalists, and who obtained, on the strength of their false representations, free dinners, drinks and other favors. They were styled 'literary bummers.' The term 'bummer' soon had a general application in its reference to the loafing, disreputable men who infest society.

Q in the Corner—Properly 'queue in the Corner.' The queue is the seal affixed to legal documents in France. They were so-called because they were formerly attached to a loop or tail (French queue) which depended from the parchment. The seal is now placed in a cover of tin or tinned sheet, but is still called the 'queue.' The 'Q in the corner' is therefore, the most important part, as it ratifies the whole contents of the documents.

Man-of-War—This is a phrase applied to line-of-battle ships, contrary to the usual rule in the English language, by which all ships are feminine. It probably arose from the historical fact that 'men of war' were heavy armed soldiers. A ship full of them would be called a 'man-of-war ship.' In process of time the word 'ship' was discarded as unnecessary, and there remained the phrase 'a man-of-war.'

God Save the Mark—Hotspur, in 'I Henry IV.' I. 3, apologizing to the king for not sending the prisoners according to command, says the messenger was a 'popinjay' who made him mad with his unmanly way, and who talked 'like a waiting gentlewoman of guns, drums, and wounds (God save the mark!)' meaning that he himself had been in the brunt of battle, and it would be sad indeed if 'his mark' was displaced by this court butterfly. The whole scope of the speech is lost sight of by the ordinary interpretation—'May the scars of my wounds never be effaced.' (God save my scars).

Miles' Boy—Many an improbable story and dubious anecdote has been fathered upon 'Miles' boy' during the last half century, by people who have little thought that 'Miles' boy' had once a real existence. Mr. Robins, in his 'History of Paddington' (1853) tells us that at the beginning of this century, Mr. Miles, his pair horse coach and his redoubtable boy were the only appointed agents of communication between Paddington and the city of London. The fares were 2s and 2s. the journey occupying more than three hours, and to beguile the time at resting places, 'Miles boy' (who presumably acted as sort of 'guard' to the coach) told tales and played the fiddle.

He Didn't Count on the Plaster.

There is a young man living in Columbus, a good-looking fellow, who has a sweetheart out in the country a few miles, and he spends two evenings in every week in her society. A few nights ago he stayed to the usual hour, and as he passed out the front door he discovered that it was cloudy and dark. He did not relish the idea of walking home alone through the gloomy night, and hunted a good deal to get an invitation to remain, but it was not forthcoming. But the young man was equal to the emergency. Going down the steps he artfully contrived to slip and fall gently to the ground. Thereupon he quickly set up a tremendous groaning. The ruse worked admirably. The girl screamed and the men came and carried the young man tenderly into the house. Then he was assisted to undress and deposited in the spare room. He had barely begun to chuckle over the success of the stratagem when the girls mother put in an appearance, armed with a mustard plaster a foot square. Then she immediately proceeded to clap on the young man's shoulders, where he inentionally located the damage to his trousers. For two mortal hours that woman sat by the bed, and was not satisfied till she beheld a blister an inch deep. The young man is now reformed.

SCIENTIFIC.

COMPRESSES wet with a decoction of thirty parts of valerian root and 100 parts of water are used by a French surgeon in dressing wounds. It hastens the healing, relieves the pain, and is especially valuable in deep seated wounds.

ACCORDING to late papers by Professors Jullien and Bolton, sonorous beach sands are far from being rarities as they were considered some years ago, as they are already found in seventy four American and thirteen foreign localities and

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - - NOV. 18, 1887

The total public debt of the United States on the 1st day of December 1869, was $2,667,912,100. The last Statement published November 1.1887, gave the total debt as $1,049,085,79.

An estimate has been prepared at the Executive Department at Harrisburg of the present population of Pennsylvania, based on the number of taxables of 1886, which makes it 5, 074 527, an increase of about 800,000 since the census of 1880 was taken.

Col. William R. Morrison, the well known ex-Democratic Congressman from Illinois, who was a young soldier in the Mexican war and a gallant officer under General Logan in the late rebellion, has refused to accept from the Government a pension of $96 a year to which he is entitled as a survivor of the first named war.

"As goes New York in 1887 so the country will go in 1888," declared the New York *Tribune* of October 31, a week before the late election, in an appeal to the Republican voters. That two exceptions only prove the rule that New York votes with the successful candidate for President. These exceptions were in 1856, when New York voted for Fremont, and 1868, when the State voted for Horatio Seymour against General Grant. In all the other 28 Presidential elections, from that of George Washington in 1789, to Grover Cleveland, in 1884, New York has given its electorial vote to the man who was elected.

New York City, says the New York *World* of Friday last, witnessed last night a peculiar spectacle. A procession of several thousand professed Anarchists marched through the streets with red and black flags and with bands playing funeral dirges in sympathy with the miscreants who are to be hanged in Chicago to day. They were mostly aliens. The demonstration was a declaration of war upon organized society. Not a man that marched in that shabby array but was an enemy of our institutions, ready to take up arms at a moment's notice. The lesson taught by last night's parade was an instructive one. Let us hope that it was not lost upon the police.

From a history of the Haymarket riots in Chicago during which the bomb was thrown which produced the fearful slaughter for which the seven Anarchists were condemned to die, we get a complete list of the killed, maimed for life and seriously injured. Seven policemen were instantly killed, twenty were maimed in such a manner as to be crippled and rendered helpless for life, and thirty others more or less injured, some of whom are not able to do active labor. The publication of this list has re-awakened memories of the horrors of the Haymarket riots, and gives a very serious direction to public opinion as to the execution of four of the men who caused this terrible and murderous result.

Congress will meet two weeks from next Monday. The House will consist of 168 Democrats, 153 Republicans and 4 Independents. Iowa, Wisconsin, Virginia and North Carolina furnish the Independents, there being one from each State. It will be what is known as the "short session" and will expire by its own limitation on the 4th of March. It will also be the session immediately preceding the Presidential election next year and if it gets down to solid, useful work and meets the demand of the people in regard to certain measures of great public concern, it will differ radically from all previous sessions held at a similar time. There will be no opposition among the Democratic members to the re-election of Mr. Carlisle to the Speakership.

It is due to James M. Walters Esq., Chairman of the Democratic County Committee, to accord him all the credit he so well deserves for the faithful and energetic manner in which he conducted the campaign. It was what is called an "off year" in politics and there being not even a ripple of excitement the main matter in hand was to shape matters in such a way as to bring as large a Democratic vote to the polls as was possible under the circumstances. Mr. Walters did this as well, we think, as it was possible for any man to do. He was ably assisted in the work by his two deputies, Henry J. Hopple, of Barr township, and John J. Kinney of Tunnel Hill, whose efficient services in the good cause will be kindly remembered by the Democracy of the county.

What is known as the driven well patent about which there has been a long controversy, was declared invalid by the Supreme Court of the United States in an opinion delivered on Monday last. The case was brought before the Court by an appeal from the United States Circuit Court for the Southern District of Iowa. The history of the case shows that the first well driven by Nelson W. Green at Cortland, N. Y., in 1861, was put in operation for the purpose of supplying a regiment of soldiers with water, with no future purpose of securing a patent upon the process, and that the invention was open to the public for use for more than four years after the first well was driven. The Supreme Court held that this constituted a complete abandonment of the invention to the public. Green secured his patents in 1868 and 1871, and farmers and others who own driven wells should understand that no legal claim can now be made upon them for royalties under any alleged patent. Any person is now free to drive a well when and where he pleases, so far as patent rights are concerned.

The Republican papers were quite confident before the recent elections that the Democrats would be defeated in New York, Maryland and Virginia. They were greatly mistaken, however, as the Democrats carried all of the three States named. Their defeat in New York, which was the pivotal State in in the Presidential election three years ago and will occupy the same position in the contest next year, fell upon them like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky, and they are now wasting a vast amount of paper in figuring out how they can elect their candidate next year without the vote of the Empire State. In the mutations of politics such a result is, of course, possible, but it is just as improbable to take place as that the sky will rain larks. As results stand at present and as they are most likely to turn out next November, Cleveland has the game in his own hands and will succeed himself. The Philadelphia *Bulletin*, one of the most radical Republican papers in the country, correctly grasps the political situation when it gives warning to its party as follows: One thing is certain, and that is that the vote of New York will decide the Presidential election. It is absurd to build hopes of success on the prospect of winning victories in States like Indina, New Jersey and Virginia, and conceding New York to the Democrats. If the Republican party cannot carry New York its chance of winning a majority of the electorial vote is slim indeed. The logic of the situation, therefore, is, so far as Republicans are concerned, to name the candidate for President next year who will bring out every Republican vote that can possibly be brought out in that State. He must be stronger there than Blaine was in 1884. No beating around the bush will obscure this essential point.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser*, a leading Republican paper of that city, in an article on the result of the late elections pays the following tribute to Mr. Cleveland:

The country is at present apparantly Democratic, and unless influences now unseen shall be brought to bear by circumstances before next year's election occurs, it seems in every way probable that Mr. Cleveland will be President for four years more. His administration has been conspicuously honest, straightforward and capable, and has unquestionably gained for him the respect and confidence of the people in such a degree as to overcome, in a great measure, the popular want of confidence in the party of which he is the head. He has been and is better than his party, and his influence has unquestionably benefitted his party in character as well as in popular strength. To say this of any public officer is to accord him very high praise, and the fact that the integrity and practical wisdom of a President in office adds to the strength of the party that elected him is an assurance that the great mass of the American people are on the side of integrity, straightforwardness and honest common sense in political affairs. That of itself is encouraging, especially in these times when theorists of every wild sort are attempting to substitute crank ideas for the simple doctrines of Americanism to which both the great parties are committed and which each of them represents in such measures as it has the wisdom to see.

At the election in the State of New York on last Tuesday week eleven married women went to the polls in Kattleville, Broome county, accompanied by several male friends who furnished them with tickets and "swore in their votes," as the account of the affair states, although Constitution of the State restricts the right of suffrage to "male citizens." These strong minded woman all voted the Prohibition ticket and went home in high glee after having cast their ballots. They are not, however, in such high spirits to-day as five citizens of the town have made complaint to the District Attorney who says he will indict them for illegal voting. If he does, he will make a big mistake if he fails also to indict the members of the election board whose stupidity permitted the women to vote, knowing, if they know anything at all, that the Constitution of the State absolutely prohibited it. The woman thought, no doubt, that they had played a rich joke when they were allowed by an election board to "swear in their votes," and although they acted a very silly part it is the men composing the election board who ought to be punished rather than the women who voted. We don't believe there are eleven or any other number of sane married women in any election district in Pennsylvania, who would march to the election ground and attempt to "swear in their votes," and certainly no election board in this State would ever stultify itself by receiving their ballots.

Judge Bailey, who is a Democrat and one of the best and most popular Judges that Allegheny county ever had, was defeated for re-election last Tuesday week by 687 votes while the Republican State ticket received a majority of 8,000 in the same county. Now that the election is over it seems to be generally admitted by the Democrats of Pittsburg who know a hawk from a handsaw, that Judge Bailey would undoubtedly have been elected had not the Democratic County Convention played the silly game in a minority county of nominating two candidates for County Commissioner when only one could be elected. Enough trading of votes was done by the two candidates in the struggle to get ahead of each other to swamp a pure and upright Judge. Shame on such scurvy politicians.

Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, the two Chicago Anarchists whose death sentences were commuted by Governor Oglesby into imprisonment for life in the penitentiary, were taken to Joliet on last Saturday and placed in the State prison. Schwab was put in the convict kitchen where his work will be to help peel potatoes, chop hash and prepare the convicts food. Fielden was assigned to the stone department.

THE EXECUTION.

Last Words of the Doomed Anarchists--All Die of Strangulation--The Closing Act in the Great National Tragedy Graphically Described.

Cook County Jail, Chicago, November 11.—It lacked just seven minutes and a half of the hour of high noon when a single, white shrouded figure, above which was a face of yellowish pallor—the face of August Spies—passed the first post of the gallows. The gaping crowd, 10 feet below, half rose involuntarily from their chairs at the first glimpse of the apparition advancing across the scaffold. Spies looked calm and glanced down at the reporters with a trace of his old time cynical smile. He walked firmly over the drop, guided by the grasp of a deputy, to the furthest edge of the gallows. Following close came Fischer—close enough to touch Spies' shroud had his hand not been pinioned under the white muslin. Fischer's countenance had a peculiar glisten, totally unlike the ashiness of Engel's heavy features, and in strong contrast with the dead lack of color in the pinched lineaments of Parsons. The once jaunty, vivacious Texan came last, a withered old man. He had aged 20 years since the day and hour scarce 12 months before, when he tripped lightly into the court before Judge Gary, and flippantly declared that he was ready to be tried at once for his life. The moment his feet touched the scaffold, Parsons seemed to completely lose his identity and felt that his spirit was no longer part of his body. He wrought himself to an extacy of solemn self-glorification. Only he—the one American—seemed to realize to the full that he must die in a manner to impress if possible on all future generations the thought that he was a martyr. No tragedian that has ever paced a stage ever made a more marvelous presentation of a self-chosen part, perfect in every detail. The upward turn of his eyes, his distant, far-away look, and above all, the attitude of apparent complete resignation that every fold of the awkward shroud only served to make more distinct, was by far the most striking feature of the entire gallows picture. The squat form of Engel alongside, with stupid, wide-jawed face, made a hideous contrast to Parsons' assumption of the halo of a martyr. Fischer was head and shoulders taller than the other three, making his only occasional looks of too-evident bravado, more noticeable than might otherwise be, at a sorry disadvantage compared with the steady coolness of Spies. The latter's exhibition of quiet, thorough nerve far surpassed as a wonder the demeaner of his comrades.

The four burly deputies standing to the rear of the four condemned men began without delay to adjust the ropes, Spies' noose being the one first placed. He did not appear to regard it of any more consequence than a new linen collar. The knot was slipped down the cord, close against his neck. Spies did not show a tremor, but when the same process was being carried out with Fischer, turned and quietly whispered to the bailiff some suggestion concerning the rope. Fischer's ardor was quite noticeably lessened when he felt the hempen strand, and Engle bit his under lip hard when his turn came. Just then Dr. Murphy, a young physician standing back of Engle, whisperingly cracked a joke at Engel's ear. Incredible as it may seem, the low browed Anarchist laughed outright with the rope around his neck, and while another was being fastened on his comrade by his side. But the grotesque laughter was soon silenced. Parsons, meek as a saint, cast his eyes upward at the dangling rope above him. Before the four Anarchists had an inkling of what was to be done the white caps were slipped upon their heads and drawn quickly down to the necks, shutting off the view of each as completely and with less warning than does the camera cloth of a photographer.

August Spies was the first of the four doomed men to make use of his wits while he could. In a tone of intense bitterness of spirit he, the man who wrote the infamous revenge circular, hissed out between his tightly clenched teeth: "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices they are strangling to death." The last syllable of Spies' concluding words, hoarse with suppressed passion, had not reached an end when Engel, raising his voice, wildly cried: "Hurrah for Anarchy!"

Fischer caught the fire of the utterence, and still more loudly exclaimed: "Hurrah for Anarchy!" adding, "This is the happiest moment of my life."

There was a silence like the grave, broken abruptly by the slow, measured intonation of Parsons like a white-robed priest before the altar of sacrifice.

Not as a dying request, but rather like a command or warning he sounded forth: "May I be allowed to speak?" Then with slow entreaty came: "Will you let me speak, Sheriff Matson?"

There was another agonizing pause. Muffled through the shroud broke out in unnatural, hollow accents: "Let the voice of the people be heard."

A crash as of a falling house thundered through the corridors. The slender ropes were taut. In full view of the two hundred men in front were the four white, writhing shrouds. The ropes could be seen slowly tightening about the necks that between cap and shroud could be noticed blackening and purpling. Nine mortal minutes passed. Then it was known to a certainty that not a neck had been broken. The four Haymarket murderers had been literally throttled and strangled by the law.

When the coffins were brought to the scaffold Sheriff Matson exclaimed: "His will be done." The bodies were lowered in the following order: Spies, Fischer, Engel and Parsons. All looked natural. The coffin lids were quickly screwed down. Paper tabs were pasted on each for indentification. Engel's and Lingg's, the suicide's remains, were taken to 236 Milwaukee avenue. Fischer's wife claimed his. Mrs. Spies took August's, and Mrs. Parsons received that of her husband.

In exactly one hour after the execution took place the work of taking down the scaffold was begun, and in two hours it was housed away in the basement of the jail.

LINGG'S SUICIDE.

The greatest sensation preceding the execution of the condemned Anarchists occurred at 8:35 on Thursday morning, November 10, when Louis Lingg, the true arch Anarchist and "human tiger," committed suicide in his cell by blowing his face to pieces with a candle loaded with a fulminating cap. His face was blown out of all semblance of human shape. The violent act was effected with a candle loaded with dynamite. He lit the wick and placed the candle in his mouth. Lingg had acted about as usual all the morning, and there was no reason to expect any event so startling. At the time mentioned a report startled every one in the jail. Mr. Osborne, the death watch, at once located the sound in Lingg's cell. The door was opened and Lingg was found lying on his back. The cell was spattered with blood, and the air was heavy with smoke and the smell of dynamite. The explosion was heard all over the jail, where it echoed through the corridors and cells with a hollow "boom" and for a moment there was almost a panic. The bleeding but yet breathing body was carried into the jail office and Dr. Fenger summoned. He, with other physicians, at once took steps to stem the fast flowing life-tide and had some hope of saving his life for the hang man. Parsons was at once taken out of his cell and searched but without result. A candle, loaded in the similar manner to the one used, was found in Lingg's cell. The tallow had been poured around a dynamite cartridge. These candles had passed into the jail and might have been used by all of the men so far as known.

On Tuesday night last Lingg gave out his "farewell address," which was written for the *Alarm*, Parsons' old paper. In it he recited at length his grievances, and closed as follows:

Now, with a last and earnest farewell to all friends and comrades, and with final wishes for their prosperity, I close, in view of the certainty that I shall never have the chance of seeing you again, my beloved comrade, with an earnest and hearty wish for your future success in life.

Your comrade, Hoch Die Anarchie,
Louis Lingg.

After lingering in paintul agony until 2:50 P. M. Lingg expired. During the death struggle Governor Oglesby was considering the pleas for clemency. Early in the evening of Thursday, November 10, he announced his decision commuting the sentence of Felden and Schwab to imprisonment for life. Lingg took his own life, the others suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

GOVERNOR OGLESBY'S DECISION.

How He Stated the Case For the men Who Will Not Hang.

The following is the Governor's decision in full in the Anarchist case:

Illinois, Executive Office.
Springfield, November 10, 1887.

On the 20th day of August, 1886, in the Cook county Criminal Court, August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg were found guilty by the verdict of the jury and afterwards sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Matthias J. Degan.

An appeal was taken from such finding and sentence to the Supreme Court of the State. That court upon a final hearing and upon mature deliberation, unanimously affirmed the judgement of the court below. The case now comes before me by petition of the defendants for consideration as Governor of the State. If the letters of Albert Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg demanding "unconditional release," or, as they express it, "liberty or death," and protesting in the strongest language against mercy or commutation of the sentence pronounced against them can be considered petitions, pardon, could it be granted, which might imply any guilt whatever upon the part of either of them would not be such a vindication as they demand. Executive intervention upon the grounds insisted upon by the four above-named persons could in no proper sense be deemed an exercise of the constitutional power to grant reprieves, commutations and pardons unless based upon the belief on my part of their entire innocence of the crime of which they stand convicted. A careful consideration of the evidence in the record of the trial of the parties, as well as of all alleged and claimed for them outside of the record, has failed to produce upon my mind any impression tending to impeach the verdict of the jury or the judgement of the trial court or of the Supreme Court affirming the guilt of all these parties. Satisfied, therefore, as I am, of their guilt, I am precluded from considering the question of commutation of the sentences of Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg to imprisonment in the Penitentiary, as they emphatically declare they will not accept such commutation. Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, may be modified as to each of them, in the interest of humanity and without doing violence to public justice. And as to the said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, the sentence is commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. As to all the other above-named defendants, I do not feel justified in interfering with the sentence of the Court. While I would gladly have come to a different conclusion in regard to the sentence of defendants August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Albert R. Parsons and Louis Lingg, I regret to say that, under the solemn sentence of the obligations of my office, I have been unable to do so.

Richard J. Oglesby, Governor.

The Result in the State.

The fact that the Democrats have carried New York by the largest plurality secured in the past six years is an extraordinary one.

The Republican State Convention was one of the largest and strongest held by that party for many years past. Both the United States Senators and many of the prominent leaders were present. The ticket was not weak. At its head was the name that had so often led to victory. The canvass was conducted with vigor and enthusiasm by able speakers and an expert committee. The Labor movement gave the managers confidence. The Blaine Platt Hiscock combination worked with 1888 in view.

And yet, with at least 40 000 Democrats drawn into the Labor movement to offset the Prohibition defection, the Republicans were beaten worse that in any election since the memorable avalanche in 1882.

This is the more striking in view of the fact that while the Democratic State ticket was a strong one the platform was weak, and the canvass until last week rather tame. Gov. Hill's three speeches were pretty much the only discussions of ideas and issues to which the Democrats were permitted to listen. The pistform contained no declarations calculated to stop the diversion of voters to the Labor movement or to satisfy the public sentiment that is aroused to the danger of corruption, of monopolies and of plutocratic control of politics and government.

And yet the Democrats win even more strongly than two years ago when there was no Labor party.

What are the reasons?

(1) A profound distrust by the people of the Republican party, which has for four years been nothing but a Blaine machine.

(2) The disaffection of the German Republicans over the assaults of that party upon what they regard as "personal liberty" in the attempt to save the Prohibition vote.

(3) And most important of all: The difficulty in getting out the Republican vote *because the appeal that had rallied them for twenty years was a lie.* That appeal was that Republican rule was needed to "preserve the results of the war" and to guard the "business interests" of the country. Three years of Democratic supremacy have shown this to be a lie, and the false appeal is now reacting with retributive justice upon the party that uttered it. The voters see that all the predictions of evil have come to naught, and they refuse to be frightened further.

And for these reasons the State remains Democratic.—*N. Y. World.*

Brace Up.

You are are feeling depressed, your appetite is poor, you are bothered with Headache, you are fidgetty, nervous, and generally out of sorts, and want to *brace* up. Brace up, but not with stimulants. Spring medicines, or bitters, which have for their basis very cheap, bad whisky, and which stimulate you for an hour, and then leave you in worse condition than before. What you want is an alterative that will purify your blood, start healthy action of Liver and Kidneys, restore your vitality, and give renewed health and strength. Such a medicine you will find in Electric Bitters, and only 50 cents a bottle at P. James' drug store.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—This country owns over twelve million horses valued at about $400,000,000.

—No bills are issued in this country of the value of $100 000, the highest legal tender notes being those of $10,000.

—A lady of Austin, Tex., has made an entire dress of common spool tinead. She used ten thousand yards of thread and was three months doing it.

—Coffee was first used in Arabia about 1120, and introduced at Cairo in 1530, at Constantinople in 1554, at Venice in 1615, at Paris in 1644 and in London in 1652.

—Sharks have for some time been creating havoc among the soft-shelled crabs of Chesapeake Bay. One was lately caught that had in its stomach a bushel of the delicacies.

—The northern boundary of the United States is lined by 385 prominent marks in the shape of iron pillars, stone cairns and mounds, extending between the Rocky Mountains and the Lake of the Woods and at a distance of a mile apart.

—Along the Galena river in Illinois and Wisconsin recently wagon loads of dead fish were piled up. Many theories accounting for the phenomenon are advanced, but none of a satisfactory nature, and thus far the cause of the fatality is a mystery.

—An agent of a steamship line says that about one hundred thousand people cross to Europe each year at an average cost of five hundred dollars. This would make an aggregate of fifty million dollars spent annually by Americans in journeying to Europe.

—To lay five miles of track it takes 1,760 rails weighing in the aggregate 1,056,000 pounds. To spike this requires 26 880 spikes weighing 7,200 pounds. It also takes 7,040 bolts for every five miles. Five miles of ties number 13,200, or enough to make a small forest.

—A gang of tie choppers in Colorado recently saw two large buck deer in deadly combat on the side of a mountain, near Trinidad. The animals' horns had become locked together so that the men had no difficulty in approaching and killing the deer with their axes.

—An enormous apple crop gathered by Connecticut farmers this season In some sections of the State the fruit could be had for the mere carting away, and the Meriden Journal cites an instance where a farmer offered $10 to the person who would remove several hundred bushels from his land, that the cattle might get the grass which the apples covered.

—No doubt few people outside of North Carolina are aware of the extent of the dried blackberry interest in the Piedmont section of the State. One day last week, one farm in Greensboro shipped 18,000 pounds to the Northern markets, where they are held in high estimation. The picking and drying of the fruit furnish occupation and remuneration to a large class of persons in moderate circumstances.

—It takes a Hindoo 12 days to cut an acre of grain by the primitive method he employs. With a small, curved blade he severs the stalks by the handfuls as he squats upon his heels. The wages of a harvester are said to be about 30 cents per week, without board. These people will have nothing to do with the modern threshing machine. They prefer the "bhoosa," or trampling process. They clean the grain by the aid of the wind.

—Floods in this country as well as in Europe have often caused great loss of life, but the record of the worst of them sinks into insignificance when compared with the recent inundations in China, in one of which 4000 men were drowned, while hundreds of thousands of people were rendered homeless. Man is a creature at the mercy of many instruments of ill, and he is still a mere pigmy when forced to fight the angered elements.

—In some European countries the conclusion of the harvest is celebrated by boiling or otherwise preparing whole wheat. It is boiled enough to cause the outer shell or bran to loosen, and this is beaten so that it separates and floats, while the heavier grain remains at the bottom of the vessel. This whole wheat thus prepared is called by the English "frumenty." It is very nutritious and when sweetened with sugar is acceptable to most palates.

—John Mea, of Bangor, Me., gave a cat to the captain of a vessel going to Boston five or six weeks ago. The boat was at Boston several days, but the cat did not leave it. As soon as the vessel returned to Bangor, however, the animal jumped ashore and disappeared, and soon after was purring happily in her favorite corner in Mr. Mea's kitchen. As she had been carried to the boat in a covered basket, Mr. Mea is puzzled to know how she found her way home again.

—The Democrat, published at Westminster, Carroll county, Md., says: Mr. Peter J. Geiman, residing near Melrose, is the champion pumpkin raiser as far as heard from. On one vine he raised 2 755 pounds of pumpkins, there being forty-eight in all. The largest weighed 115 pounds, two weighed 110 pounds each, another 102 pounds, and still another 100 pounds. The others were of less weight, but none of them were small. A ton and a quarter of pumpkins from one vine, is not easy to be equaled.

—Just how the use of tobacco was regarded in New England, in the early days two laws show. One was made at Harvard soon after the foundation of the institution, and read: "No scholars shall take tobacco unless permitted by the President, with the consent of their parents and guardians, and on good reason first given by a physician, and then in a private and sober manner." The other is in the Old Massachusetts Colony laws, and prescribes the punishment for any one "who shall smoke tobacco in any inn or common victualing house, except in a private room, so as that neither the inmate of said house nor any guest shall take offense thereat."

—Rev. Father Heinan, pastor of St. Joseph's German Catholic church in East Mauch Chunk, Pa., has declared war on busties. He brands them as unsightly, as a production of vanity, and as altogether immoral. He further assets that unless the women of his congregation, old and young, abandon that offensive article he will not give them ecclesiastical attention, and will turn them from the church. On Sunday last he preached sermons in German and English against immorality in general, directing his words particularly to the women of the period. His remarks created a big sensation among the congregation, and left quite an impression.

—Thanksgiving Day is our inheritance from our Puritan ancestors. As every reader of history is aware, the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth, Mass., in 1620, suffered innumerable hardships during the first years of the colony's existence. The summer of 1623 was remarkable for a severe drouth. In July a day of fasting and prayer for rain was appointed. Rain came while the people were praying. The Governor then appointed a day of thanksgiving, which was observed with religious services Thanksgiving days were appointed thereafter by the Governor of Massachusetts Bay every year for several years. The first national Thanksgiving Day was appointed by President Washington. Several of his successors issued Thanksgiving Day proclamations, but it is only since 1862 that such a proclamation has been issued by the President annually.

A WORD TO ALL.

Go to GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN'S, Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa., for Carpets, Mattings, Rugs, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Stair Buttons,

Oilcloths, Linoleum, Lace Curtains, Feathers,

Turcoman Curtains, Madras Curtain Goods, etc., etc. Quality of Goods unequaled and prices the lowest.

—A jeweler is quoted as saying: If your watch is in the habit unaccountably of stopping, and you are accustomed to winding it at night, just change around and wind it in the morning, and in two cases out of three this will put an end to your trouble. When you wind your watch in the morning the spring is tightened and is not so apt to suffer from changes in position. If you wind it at night, then in the morning the spring is loosened and as you shift your position it may be misplaced and the watch may stop. At any rate, the best way it to wind your watch in the morning. Just recollect this, and when the 9 o'clock bell is rung wind your watch. A good deal depends upon the regularity with which it is wound."

—A Georgia papers offers a good suggestion for farmers, or anybody else who make a practice of running long accounts at stores: A party wished to purchase $50 worth of goods, but he did not have the money to pay down, and wanted in some way to get 10 per cent. discount offered to those who did pay cash. So he accepted the merchant's advice to borrow $50 for three months. Paying his interest in advance (10 per cent. for three months, $1 25) had $48.75 to trade with. Buying $50 worth of goods and paying cash, he got 10 per cent off and paid for his goods $45 having $3 75 left. The merchant got his cash, the man who loaned the money got his interest, the farmer got his goods cheap and had money left, and all hands were happier than they would have been had the goods been sold on time. It pays to deal on a cash basis.

—Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, owns more than 3000 horses, distributed through the stables attached to his various palaces in town and country. In the Vienna stables there are now about 440 horses, attended by 200 stablemen and grooms and guarded by a regiment of infantry. The horses are all picked and all young. Over each stall is the name, pedigree and the year in which foaled, and I saw none that were over 6 When they get past that age they are considered no longer fit for the Emperor's use, but I could not discover whether they are sold or given away. Never less than eight horses are put to the great coaches on State occasions, nor less than four for the smaller carriages. To very few of the coaches is there a driver's seat, as postillions in the most gorgeous and elaborate livery are put upon the horses.

—G. W. Drum, of San Francisco, who is 74 years old, and white haired and white-bearded, has just returned from New Mexico and Western Texas, where he spent the summer collecting insects. He collected 3,000, and will sell them to collectors, colleges and schools. He has been hunting bugs since 1884, and has had some queer adventures. He thus describes a couple: "Twice I escaped from the Apaches miraculously. I was catching insects one day in a little brush patch in the Raton Mountains. I had just risen up when I saw a big Indian looking down into my net. He strode away. That night four wood choppers half a mile away from me were killed. One day I went up on top of a high knoll in the Weststone Mountains, where there was a spring, to get a drink. Brush surrounded it, and when I stepped on the edge of the spring I saw five Indians sitting there. I couldn't back out, so I asked for their tin cup, drank and came way. They killed four or five whites near at hand, but didn't bother me. They took me for some sort of a medicine man, with my nets for insect catching, and on account of my white hair and beard, and that's why I escaped."

—Nicholas Fleming, the veteran hunter, of Nicholas county, W. Va., has killed nine bears thus far this season, but the last one came very near finishing him He was following a trail with his dogs when he suddenly came face to face with a remarkably large bear. The hunter hadn't time to level his gun before the bear was upon him. He gave Fleming a blow with one of his paws which knocked him flat, and before he could get upon his feet or draw his hunting knife beast was industriously chewing his right leg, while his forepaws, armed with claws three inches long, were tearing his clothing into strips. Fleming turned over in his endeavor to get upon his feet or away from the bear, when the animal caught him between the shoulders with its claws and stripped the clothing from his collar to his waist, leaving half a dozen rips down his back half an inch or more deep, from his collar-bone to his hips. Fortunately for Fleming, his faithful dogs arrived upon the scene by this time and distracted the bear's attention long enough for Fleming to crawl to his gun, level it behind the bear's shoulder and shoot him through the heart. The bear weighed 380 pounds.

The Lightning Calculator.

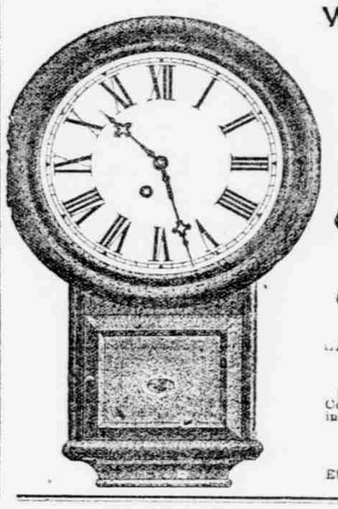
Reuben Fields, a most extraordinary individual, has returned to his home near this place, after an absence of some years in the West. Fields is known far and wide as the "Mathematical Prodigy," and, indeed, he is a most wonderful creature. Perfectly illiterate, not being able to tell one letter or figure from another, he bears the same relation to the science of mathematics that Blind Tom does to music. Fields is now about twenty-eight years of age, and his ability to quickly and correctly solve the most difficult problems was discovered when he was but eight years old. That faculty continued to develop until he is able to solve, with lightning like rapidity, any problem in simple or compound fractions, or anything in the higher branches of mathematics. For instance, the moon is a certain number of miles from the earth, a grain of corn is so long; how many grains will it take to connect the points? The answer to this or any other problem comes like a flash. He can also tell to the fraction of a second the time of day or night. This marvelous man has been tested by the most expert mathematicians and his answers to problems have been found to be invariably correct. Scientists have examined Field's head and pronounce his wunderously developed faculty a profound mystery to them. Fields knows little else than this extraordinary ability. He claims that his power in this respect is a direct gift from his Creator and liable to be taken away from him if not properly used. The possessor of this gift never went to school a day in his life, and never did a day's work, except to occasionally aid merchants in invoicing their goods, and in this business he has been known to keep a score or more of clerks busy footing up columns of figures. He is a very large man and has a look the reverse of intelligent. Having no occupation, he lives among his acquaintances, putting up wherever night over takes him. He is very proud of his gift and frequently compares himself to Sampson. Fields gave an exhibition of his powers before Gov. Crittenden and other distinguished men of Missouri on a late visit West, and they unhesitatingly pronounce him one of the greatest wonders of the century.—*Owingsville, Ky. Journal.*

CARL RIVINIUS,

—PRACTICAL—

WATCHMAKER & JEWELER,

—AND DEALER IN—



Watches, Clocks,
—JEWELRY,—
Silverware, Musical Instruments
—AND—
Optical Goods.

Sole Agent
—FOR THE—
Celebrated Rockford
WATCHES.

Columbia and Fredonia Watches,
In Key and Stem Winders.

LARGE SELECTION OF ALL KINDS of JEWELRY always on hand.

☞ My line of Jewelry is unsurpassed. Come and see for yourself before purchasing elsewhere.

☞ ALL WORK GUARANTEED ☜

CARL RIVINIUS

Ebensburg, Nov. 11, 1885-tf.

MARLIN MAGAZINE RIFLE Best In The World

For large or small game—38 calibre, 40 grains powder; 38 cal. 45 gr.; 40 cal. 60 gr.; 45 cal. 70 and 90 gr. The strongest shooting rifle made. Perfect accuracy guaranteed and the only absolutely safe rifle on the market. Prices reduced.

BALLARD Gallery, Sporting and Target Rifles, world renowned. The standard for target shooting, hunting, and shooting galleries. All calibres from 22 to 45. Made in fourteen different styles, prices from $18.00 up. Send illustrated catalogue.

MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., - New Haven, Conn.

Two targets made with one of our 22 calibre rifles, twenty centers, the shots after fifty shots had already been fired and no cleaning during the entire seventy shots. These guns carry nearly all the prizes at target matches because they are always accurate and reliable.

FREE FOR MEN ONLY. Over Two Thousand Trial Packages mailed to you free. This package contains large proportion of PROF. HARRIS' SEMINAL PASTILLES, A Radical Cure for Nervous Debility, Organic Weakness and Spermatorrhœa, Impotency and all Wasting Diseases of the Sexual Organs of Middle Aged Men. Tested for Eight Years in many thousand cases they absolutely restore prematurely aged and broken down men to the full enjoyment of perfect and full Manly Strength and Vigorous Health. To those who suffer from the secret diseases of youth brought about by Indiscretion, Exposure, Over-Brain Work, or over free Indulgence, we say, send for this and try it at once. Send us your name with statement of your trouble, and secure TRIAL PACKAGE FREE. With Illustrated Pamphlet, etc. RUPTURED PERSONS can have FREE Trial of our Appliances. Ask for Terms.

VIGOROUS HEALTH. Avoid the imposition of pretentious remedies that have failed to cure. Use the one which has been tried for three years in the hands of thousands, and which is endorsed by the leading physicians of the country. HARRIS' SEMINAL PASTILLES ARE GUARANTEED to cure all Seminal Weakness in any way from whatever cause originating, and to restore the sexual organs to their natural vigor. Price, $1 per package, or six packages for $5. Sent by mail to any address on receipt of price. Pamphlet free. Sold by druggists. Beware of imitations or substitutes. Address all orders to HARRIS REMEDY CO., Sole Proprietors, 306½ N. Tenth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

TREATMENT.—One Month, $1. Two Mos. $2. Three, $3

HARRIS REMEDY CO., Sole Proprietors, 306½ N. Tenth Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Valuable Property for Sale.

THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS AT PRIVATE Sale the following valuable HOUSE AND LOT,

situate on Main street, of Carrolltown Borough, and in the business centre of the town—opposite the Blum brewery. The house is a large two story building, 32 by 32 feet, is plastered throughout, weatherboarded and completely finished and as good as new. A good stable on the lot and a never failing supply of excellent water. It would answer for dwelling and business house combined, or for a hotel property.

POSSESSION GIVEN IMMEDIATELY.

For particulars call on or address the owner,

FREDERICK SNYDER,

At the Arlington Hotel, Altoona, Pa.

September 16, 1887.

DONALD E. DUFFTON,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENN'A
☞ Office in Colonnade Row.

H. H. MYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office in Colonnade Row, on Centre street.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PA.
☞ Office on Centre street, near Court House.

FARM FOR SALE.

THE SUBSCRIBER WILL SELL HIS FARM known as the LUCKEY FARM, situate in Munster township, Cambria county, containing about

90 ACRES, ABOUT 60 ACRES CLEARED,

having thereon erected a good frame house and frame barn. The farm is in a fine state of cultivation, is well watered and has a good orchard of bearing fruit trees. The farm is within three minutes walk of Lockett's Station on the Ebensburg and Cresson Railroad.

For further particulars inquire of George M. Reade, Esq., Ebensburg, Pa., or of the undersigned on the premises.

JOHN MURPHY.

July 29, 1887.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of James Leahy, deceased, of Lilly borough, Cambria county having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN LEAHY, JR.,
Lilly, Oct. 26, 1887. Adm'r.

STRAY SHEEP.—About two weeks ago eight sheep strayed away from the farm of the subscriber in Carroll township, and also two from his premises in Ebensburg. The sheep are all marked on the back with tar. Any person furnishing information leading to their recovery will be suitably rewarded.

JOSEPH GUTWALD.
Ebensburg, Oct. 27, 1887.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Daniel Cooney, deceased, of Munster township, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate, to make payment without delay, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

CHARLES COONEY,
Munster, Oct. 5, 1887. Adm'r.

FOR SALE.—The undersigned will offer at private sale his house and lot situated in the West ward of Ebensburg, fronting on High street and extending back along Mary Ann street on the west to Sample street. The house is a large double house in good repair with a good stable, and the lot contains a number of good fruit trees. For terms call on the subscriber residing on the premises.

GEORGE HEFLER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 21, 1887

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Came to the premises of the subscriber residing in Allegheny township, Cambria county, Pa., about July 4th, 1887, one red steer and one red heifer about two year old. The owner is requested to come forward prove property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise, they will be disposed of according to law.

WILLIAM DODSON.
Allegheny twp., Oct. 31, 1887.

$50 Reward.

The school district of Allegheny township will pay the above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found breaking into, injuring, or in any manner defacing any of the school property of said township.

HUGH DRISKEL,
Allegheny twp., Oct. 27, 1887. President.

WHEN you want Job Printing of any kind done give the FREEMAN office a trial.

T. W. DICK, ATTORNEY-

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.

FRIDAY, - - NOV. 18, 1887.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

—Now would be a good time to pay up your subscription.

—Muffs at Mrs. R. E. Jones' at 75 cents, $1 and $1 25.

—Rev. Father Brown, of Lilly, is lying ill with typhoid fever.

—One thousand pounds of ginseng wanted at Dr. Davisons's, for which the highest market price will be paid.

—At Bradford recently the American Express Company, it is reported, handled 8,500 bushels of chestnuts in one day.

—Mr. R. S. Shields, of Altoona, has accepted a clerical position in the clothing store of Mr. Godfrey Woolf, of that city.

—William Knee, of Duncansville, Blair county shot a gray eagle on election day that measured seven feet across the wings.

—Mr. F. S. Burgoon, of Ashville, was in town on Wednesday. He was attending to some business with the clerk of the Orphans' Court.

—Ladies and childrens' white and scarlet underwear very cheap at Mrs. R. E. Jones'.

—Dr. A. Griffith and wife a tarted on Wednesday last to spend the winter at their winter residence at Ocala, Florida. We wish them a safe journey.

—WANTED.—A respectable man to handle our famous Rubber Stamp, etc., in this district. McMahon Bros. & Adams, 212 Penn avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

—The hotel of Mr. Charles Crouse at South Fork was broken into on last Monday night, and a quantity of liquor and cigars carried off. There is no clue to the thieves.

—Rev. Father Boyle, formerly pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, this place, but now pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Gallitzin, was a welcome visitor to our office on Thursday.

—You can get ladies' and childrens' coats at Mrs. R. E. Jones' for less than the cloth would cost.

—The indications are that the criminal business at next court will be large. There is one murder trial on the list, and there are seventy-six returns already filed with the clerk of Court of Quarter Sessions.

—Theodore Cassiday, employed in a hardware store in Altoona, a few days ago was assisting to carry a stove when he tripped and fell, when the sharp edge of the stove fell upon his hand cutting one finger entirely off.

—A little two year old child of Mr. D. W. Luke, of South Fork, died on last Friday night from diptheria. The disease has been prevailing in that place to such an extent that the schools have been closed for some time.

—The dwelling house of Levi Weaver situated in Richland township, took fire from an over heated stove on last Friday and was burned to the ground. The loss is estimated at $1000 on which there was no insurance.

—A few weeks ago an old stocking was found near Blacklick, Indiana county, in a fence-corner in which were about seventy counterfeit dollars. It had evidently been hid there for two or three years, for the stocking was almost rotted away.

—The students of St. Francis' College at Loretto are now preparing an entertainment for their kind neighors, to be given November 24th at 2 o'clock, P. M., in the new hall of the college. Mark the date and go to have a good laugh. You are all heartily welcome.

—The eldest daughter of Mr. E. C. Parrish, of this place, who was last week taken ill with scarlet fever is improving and on a fair way to recovery. His youngest child, a baby about two years old, was stricken with the same disease on Tuesday, and is at present dangerously ill.

—Good all wool cashmere gloves for 25 cents at Mrs. R. E. Jones'.

—Any person who wants paying work as local or traveling agent for warranted nursery stock should apply at once to James E Whitney, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. No experience is necessary, and complete outfit is furnished free. Steady work the year round and all stock warranted to be in good condition.

—We were sory to learn that forest fires, last week, destroyed the elegant cabin on the mountain built by several sports at Lilly, for the purpose of shelter during the hunting season. Ever since it was built we have been patiently waiting for an invitation to put up at it for a day or two, but we must now give it up.

The deceased was one of the oldest residents of Washington township, and had been an employee of the Pennsylvania railroad company for upwards of 30 years. He was always faithful in the discharge of his duties, and was an honest, upright citizen. He leaves one son Michael A. Quartz, of Cresson, and five daughters to mourn his loss. Peace to his ashes.

—Thieves broke into the hotel of Mr. John Wentrode and the store room of Messrs Dimond & Simendinger at Summerhill on last Monday night, and from the former took a lot of liquor and cigars, and from the latter a number of articles of general merchandise. It is supposed they are the same parties who some time ago broke into the store of Messrs Dimond & Simendinger.

—Samuel Shadler was instantly killed and a young man named Kype had a leg broken by the breaking down of a bridge over the Juniata at Williamsburg, Blair county, on Wednesday. Shadler and the boy were crossing the bridge with a traction engine, when the timbers of the bridge broke and let them down, the engine falling on Shadler and crushing him to death.

—Matthew Winn, a resident of Cambria Borough, aged about nineteen, fell over the bluff near the freight station at Johnstown, on last Sunday night, and when picked up was dead. His skull was fractured and he was otherwise hurt about the body. Winn, it is said was perfectly sober at the time and had stopped to fondle a dog when he made the misstep, which threw him over the precipice.

—Mr. John McNulty, of Susquehanna township, on Wednesday last was taken to Mount Hope Insane Asylum near Baltimore, Md. Mr. McNulty has lately become deranged, and it is hoped by his friends that with proper care and treatment he will recover his reason. A singular and melancholy coincidence is the fact that Mr. Henry McNulty, a brother of John's was brought to jail here a few days ago, he also having lost his mind. They were both good citizens and is to be hoped that they may soon recover.

—Mrs. R. E. Jones has the best assortment of coats in town, at the lowest prices.

—Messrs E. C. Parrish and Harry Pryce, of this place, have purchased the right of Cambria county in G. D Lanflix & Co.'s patent burglar alarm and combination door lock, and in the past few days have placed quite a number on the doors of dwellings and business houses in this place. All who have got them are highly pleased and would not be without. The lock is no only perfect in the fact that it cannot be picked, but it is also handsome and convenient, as you have no key to hunt for or lose. Every house should have them.

--: WM. F. CABLE & CO. :--

The Leading Dry Goods House of Altoona, Penn'a., say they want you to visit their store this Fall (at 1402 Eleventh avenue, Altoona,) to see their Bargains in all Departments. They sell

Seal Plush Wraps. $12.50 to $45; Seal Plush Sacques, $15 to $50; Astrachan Wraps, new, $10 to $20; Astrachan Coats, $3.50 to $12.50; Ladies' Newmarkets $5 to $13.50; Misses' Newmarkets, $3.75 to $12.50; Jersey Jackets, $4.50 to $10; Braided Jackets, $5.50 to 12; Misses' Jackets, $3.50 to 8.50; Children's Coats, $1.75 to 12.50. They have bargains in White, Scarlet and Gray Blankets, Ladies' Gent.'s and Children's Underwear and Stockings, Wool Flannels and Cotton Flannels. Big line of Dress Goods and Silks. Gable & Co.'s is the only strictly one-price Dry Goods House in Central Pennsylvania.

—Bargains in cloths and other dress goods at Mrs. R. E. Jones.' Don't fail to see them.

—The following named persons can each receive a letter at the Ebensburg post-office: David Bottorf, Joseph Cristie, Michael Dorfler, Howard Davis, Valentine Deiner or Duman, F. M. Garver, Jacob Guyer, D. A. Grimes, (2) M. R. Hodges, Abe Ober, W. L. Jones, Michael Sloniger, Miss Annie Hawn, Miss Minnie Rager, Miss Ida Strassler, Miss Annie Troxell, Miss Maggie Thomas, Mrs. Rosanna Gibson, Mrs. Siecle Duman, Lavina M. Harding. Persons calling for the above letters will please state that they were advertised.

—Judge Schyler, of Easton, has rendered a decision which will interest constables in regard to the performance of their duties under the Brooks high license law. The Judge holds that the 12th section of the law, requiring constables to visit all places where liquor is sold monthly, and report all violations, does not apply to constables elected before the passage of the act. The Judge also holds that as there is no provision for compensation to the constables for the additional very onerous duties imposed on them, the act is unconstitutional.

—Attention is called to the advertisement of Mrs. R. E. Jones in another column.

—Mr. F. H. Barker informs us that in his sojourn through Kansas, while stopping at a station waiting for a train, he saw an old man that he thought he ought to know, and on inquiry found he was correct. It was "old Agidy" Levy, who about a dozen years ago was a well known character in Barr township, and who finally went under financially owing to his troubles with a woman who he brought from New York to marry. "Agidy," Mr. Barker says is prospering, and is the owner of seventeen hundred acres of land near Kingsley in Edwards county, Kansas.

Imitations.

All things grand, and beautiful, and noble have their imitations. The King of day that rules the firmament sees his reflection in every pond, the moon, the queen of night, beholds many an image of her fair face in avery brook, and branch, and rivulet. Even the stars that gem the blue concave with points of "holy light" are mimicked by meteors and *ignees fatui*. So we find it still when we descend to common objects, for the diamond has its paste counterfeit, and it is not all gold that glitters like a dollar.

Have you ever beheld Adonis at his toilet before the mirror, wielding the keen steel with dexterous manipulation, whilst a hand-footed ancestor of humanity (Darwin) imitated every movement with manual precision and great gravity? In like manner we behold caricatures of grand things on every hand. The thundering Demosthenes in the halls of legislation is feebly imitated on a store-box by a cheap John selling soap; and the sublime poets whose numbers echo along the corridors of the ages are aped on a small scale by sordid rhymesters who extol the virtues of liniments and patent medicines!

Again, the consciententious devotee of jurisprudence who glows, and scintillates and thunders before the bar, is imitated by the trifling petti-fogger, who skips through the law-books on a hop step and-jump, and settles disputes between litigants on the principle of the cats and the monkey,—the entire cheese pays the costs! Nor is religion free from imitations. Satan, himself, has often posed as an angel of light. The consummate hypocrite walks the aisles of praise robed in the bright garments of seeming sanctity whilst, in the sight of Heaven, his heart is a sepulchre full of dead men's bones! All is not gold that glitters. Neither is all holy that wears a saintly robe. Deeds show proof.

The Master, Himself, who owns the Universe, went about, meek and lowly, always doing good to all. Always healing never smiting, always feeding never starving. Always blessing, never cursing. Mohammed used a sword,—Christ never!

And again, even happiness has its counterfeits. Behold yon princely castle perched among the pinnacles of the rocks on high,—turrets, and battlements, and halls, and arches! All that earth can give in luxury and pleasure and honor and power there resides. Is the prince always happy? Nay, but you often find a world of misery within the walls of palaces. Read history! In the authentic chronicles of the past we read of princely wretches. Thus we see that even happiness, itself,—worldly happiness,—has its hollow, fleeting imitations. What if a man does feed himself on the best the planet produces for a few short years, seizing with inhuman rapacity the goods and rights of his fellows,—is he happy at the end? Does the dying hour bring peace to such a greedy, selfish churl?

There is right and wrong; and they are as rigidly defined as their respective votaries shall be at the final winnowing of the chaff from the wheat.

A. D. H.

Chest Springs School Report.

The following pupils were perfect in attendance during month ending Nov. 23, 1887:

Room No. 2.—Sarah McNeelis, teacher. No. enrolled; boys 12, girls 15, total 28. No. visitors; 7. Average attendance; boys 14, girls 9, total 23. Per cent.; boys 93, girls 94, total 94.

Boys. Thomas McKenzie, Charles Little, Edward Reininger, Walter Perry. Girls. Hattie McKenzie, Clara Brothers, Belle Douglass, Mary Cramer, Rose Charles, Jude Callahan, Lillie Conrad, Nettie Cramer, Ida Watt.

Room No. 1.—Mrs. Cramer, teacher. No. enrolled; boys 25, girls 20, total 45. Aver age attendance; boys 23, girls 20, total 43 No. visitors, 3. Per cent.; boys 93, girls 96, total 96.

Boys: Josie Wirtner, Charlie Conrad. Willie Little, Winnie McDonald, Homer Leary, Frank Wharton, Harvey Leary, Harvey Little, Willie Callahan, Malcolm McFeely, John Reininger, Charlie Cramer, Walter Little, Thomas Callahan, Stephen Grove. Girls: Minnie McFeely, Bert Crouse, Maud Perry, Laura Noonan, Grace Hamilton, Blanche Litzinger, Lavinia Reininger, Maud Douglass, Mary Callahan, Gertie Noonan, Annie Conery.

Their Business Booming.

Probably no one thing has caused such a general revival of tarde at E James' drug store as their giving away to their customers of so many free trial bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Their trade is simply enormous in this very valuable article from the fact that it always cures and never disappoints. Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Croup, and all throat and lung diseases quickly cured. You can test it before buying by getting a trial bottle free, large size $1. Every bottle warranted.

Reade Township Palaver.

GLASGOW, PA, Nov. 14th, 1887.

The first severe snow storm of the season occured last Tuesday night and lasted during Friday. The roads have been converted into mud, thus rendering travel disagreeable.

The teachers of this township held their first institute on the 5th inst., at the school house at this place. The evening session was largly attended and the exercises were both instructive and entertaining.

G. W. Bonman accompanied by Geo. Simmers, two of Reade township's best citizens, visited the Glasgow school last Wednesday and were much welcomed by the teacher and pupils.

Mr. John Strayer and family left for Baree, Huntingdon county, last week, where they expect to reside at least during the winter. Mr. S. and son will be engaged in lumbering near that place.

On account of the irregular shipment of brick for the coke ovens at this place, the progress of the work is greatly hindered.

The Lutheren church is now warmed by heaters.

The election at this place passed off un-Rev. J. B. Daugherty of Halifax, Dauphin county, the new minister of the U. B Congregation, on this Circuit, preached his initial sermon at the Pleasant Hill church on last Saturday evening. His dicourse was both practical and instructive and was listened to very attentively by a large audience.

A protracted meeting is in progress at the U. B. Church at Utanville, under the auspices of Rev. George C. Cook, the minister in charge.

Mr. Wm. Schmittle and family moved from this place to Mountain Dale last week. Another good citizen added to Mountain Dale's population.

Jacob Hollen, who has been working near Fallsview during the past summer, is now employed as miner in Mr. Jos. Schmittle's mine at Mountain Dale.

usually quiet. The day was one of the fairest specimens of an election day ever experienced in this section.

Prof. Geo. Weid, of Glen Hope, is holding a very successful musical convention at the Pleasant Hill church, near this place. The Professor is a thorough musician being a graduate of the Curwinsville Musical Institute.

Much excitement was caused at the home of Mrs. Jas. McCoy, of this place, on last Saturday morning by her little seven year old daughter accidently swallowing a pin which she had in her mouth. Fluid substances were administered and the pin dislodged.

The thanksgiving turkey can not imagine why he is the object of so much attention just now.

The school board of this township seem to have a heavy burden of trouble on account of the low salaries paid to some of her teachers.

The next teachers' institute of this township will be held at Mountain Dale, December 3rd.

A band of Turks with a large bear passed through this village last week. The bear gave exhibitions in dancing while the manager raked in the nickels.

The Alpine Hotel at Flynn City, is one of the best conducted houses in all this section. The clever and accomplished host and lady, Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin, have the plaudits of every one who knows them.

Rev. J. C. Kreider, of Bell Wood is holding a protracted meeting at the Lutheran church in this place.

D. E Hollen, who has been employed for the last decade of years as teacher in this township, wields the scepter at Loydsville this term. David understands how to train the young idea.

Jno. Ricketts, of Reade township, is a prolific farmer and successful bee raiser, this abundant crops of grain and hay; also the large amount of the luscious product of the bees prove this assertion. Mr. R. takes an active part in the educational interests of the township too.

Ira Hollen, son of Jno. A. Hollen, of this place, won a handsome book as a prize for being able to repeat the most extracts of poetry from memory, in the Glasgow school, of which he is a pupil.

RED CLOUD.

School Report.

Average Enrolled. attendance.

TEACHERS.	Room.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.	Boys.	Girls.	Total.	Visits.
Allie Lloyd	1	30	32	62	25	27	52	
Ella Myers	2	21	20	41	19	17	36	
Annie Jones	3	24	23	47	20	18	38	
A. R. Reade	4	20	19	39	14	14	28	
J. W. Leech	5	14	7	21	12	6	18	
Totals	5	112	100	212	94	82	176	

The following pupils were perfect in attendance during month:

Room No. 1.—Bessie Evans, Herbie Evans, Bessie James, Davis Evans, Edith Barker, Neal Dow, Emma Keep, Eddie Davison, Forrie Evans, Rhode Ritter, Mary Connel, Arthur Evans, Bellie Chute, Mary McCabe, Peter Ludwig, Blanche Gant, Walter Jones, Frank Kirschner.

Room No. 2.—Carl Dick, Blanche Folsom, Hershell Evans, Mary Davis, Irving Gant, Adie Jones, Charlie Evans, Allie Jones, Willie Leighty, Daisy Corbin, Ollie Davis, Annie McBreen, John Ritter, Maud Snenefelt, Wallace Humphrey, Jennie Evans, Walter McCaslin.

Room No. 3.—Johnnie Strayer, Gertie Pruner, Edgar Evans, Maud Richardson, Butler Roberts, Sadie Nipple, Christie Strayer, Gertie Crouse, Morgan Evans, Annie Davinson, Gertie Bower, Minnie Kirschner, Charles Wraklen.

Room No. 4.—Norris Mason, Sadie Chute, Annie Maloney, Alice Maloney, Ella Kirschner, Mary McBreen, Emma Davison, Minnie Howell, Minerva Leighty.

Room No. 5.—Sherman Mason, Olin Barker, Robert Davison, Leonard Jones, Herschell Davis, Katie McBreen, Bird Shenkle.

The following pupils stand first in their respective classes:

Room No. 1 Class A, Peter Lunwig; class B Florie Evans; class C, Emma Kemp. Room No. 2. Class A, Blanch Folsom; class B, Annie McBreen. Room No. 3 Class A, Emma Morrow; class B, Gertie Pruner. Room No. 4. Class A Annie Maloney; class B, Emma Davison. Room No. 5. Class A, Bert Davis; class B, Sherman Mason.

I Have.

been an annual suffrer from hay fever for forty years. It recurring about Aug. 20th each year. For several summers I have used Ely's Cream Balm with excellent results. I am free from any asthmatic symptoms. I hope many sufferers will be induced to try the remedy.—George Earp, Baltimore, Md.

I have been afflicted with hay fever from early in August until frost. My eyes would run a stream of water and I sneezed continually. I was advised to use Ely's Cream Balm. It has worked like a charm and I can say I am entirely cured.—Mrs. Emeline Johnson, Chester, Conn.

Additional Spelling Prize.

W. J. CRAMER,

DEAR SIR: If you will accept it for the purpose, I should like to donate a copy of my book, "The French in the Allegheny Valley" as one of your spelling prizes this winter. Very respectfully,

T. J. CHAPMAN.

In addition to the three prizes already offered by Coopersdale Academy and the one by the County Superintendent, the above will be added to the list.

Prof. Chapman still remembers kindly the county in which he once lived, and over whose schools he so long presided. The above book is the product of his own research, and no doubt many would be glad to see it. What lucky, or rather plucky boy or girl will win the prize?

Very truly,

ALBERT FREEMAN.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by E. James and W. W. McAteer, of Loretto.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, November 17th, 1887:

Frank W. Perman and Kissie L. Youghnour, Franklin.

Henry Beard, Indiana Co., and Carvline Thuman, Cambria Co.

Josepo Sabo and Annie Meyzer, Cambria.

Patrick McCoy and Angeline Yeackley, Gallitzin.

James A. Wharton and Mary A. Dodson, Clearfield township.

Edward Watts, Portage township, and Annie Walters, South Fork.

Peter Culleton and Mary Timlin, Cambria.

Lewis Biter, Portage township, and Lucinda H. Farber, Wilmore.

Lewis Jones and Mary Johnston, Johnstown.

A. J. Oaks, Croyle township, and Millie Rose, Taylor township.

Frank J. Vielsack, South Fork, and Annie Bopp, Carrolltown.

Ross Marsh and Kate B. Seely, Millville.

John Gribble, Johnstown, and Sarah F. Bour, Millville.

Edward H. Young, and Laura L. Levergood, Johnstown.

Obituary.

COONEY.—Died at the residence of her son Charles in Munster township on Thursday, November 10th, 1887, Mrs. Daniel Cooney aged about 100 years.

MAUCHER.—Died at her home in Carrolltown on Thursday, November 15th, 1887, Mrs. Mary Maucher, wife of R. F. Maucher, druggist, aged about 30 years.

O'HARA.—Died at her home in Munster township on Saturday, November 12th, 1887, Mrs. Mary O'Hara, aged about 60 years.

QUARTZ.—Died at his home in Washington township, on Wednesday, November 16th, 1887, Mr. Valentine Quartz aged about 81 years.

BANAN.—Died at his home in Allegheny township on Tuesday, November 8th, 1887, Mr. Peter Banan, aged 42 years.

FAGAN.—Died at her home at Braddock, on Friday, November 11th, 1887, Mrs. Mary E. Fagan, relict of Jeremiah Fagan, deceased, aged 61 years.

The deceased was born in this place in 1826 and was a daughter of the late William Mills, Sr., deceased, and a sister of Captain David Mills, of Gallitzin, Mrs. Ann Hughes, wife of Morgan Hughes; of Mrs. Jane Stough, wife of John L. Stough, of Ebensburg; of Mrs. Sarah Hall, of Buffalo, N. Y., and E. J. Mills, of Kansas. She leaves seven children to survive her as follows; william C., of Johnstown; Hersan, of Braddock; Clara, wife of William Edelblute, of Kansas; and Frank, Gussie, Lewis and Andrew, all of Braddock. Her husband died in this place in August 1874, where the family continued to reside until about four years ago, when they removed to Braddock. Mrs. Fagan was in this place on a visit only a few weeks ago, and on her return home stopped off at Johnstown to visit her son, where in a few days she was taken sick with bilious fever, from which she rallied, however, and took her departure for home on Wednesday of last week. On her arrival home she was again prostrated and died on last Friday. Her remains were brought to this place on Sunday last and were interred in the Catholic cemetery on Monday. Peace to her ashes.

COMMISSIONERS' SALE

—OF—

Seated and Unseated LANDS!

THE COMMISSIONERS of CAMBRIA COUNTY will offer at Public Sale in the Court House, in Ebensburg, on

Monday, December 12, 1887.

AT 1 O'CLOCK, P. M.,

the following pieces and tracts of seated and unseated lands which were purchased at Treasurer's Sales, and have been held five years subject to, but without redemption. If all the lands are not sold on said day, the sale will be continued from day to day until all the said lands have been sold.

SEATED LANDS.

Acres.	Perch's.	Val.	NAMES.	Year of Purchase.
			Adams Township.	
40			Daniel Murphy	1880
			Allegheny Township.	
1			Samuel Will	1880
			Barr Township.	
25			Jas. Reffner	1880
25			J. A. Trout	1882
			Croyle Township.	
48			Theodore Maurus	1888
75			Joseph Barker	1880
25			William D. Miller	1880
61			Solomon Neil	1880
	1		David A. Burns &	1880
	1		Jas. O'Conner	1880
	1		Jno. Tully	1880
	1		Jacob Vanekin	1882
	1		Jacob Fringe	1882
			Cambria Township.	
			Mary Striver	1880
50			Mary Reed	1880
25			Jacob and Geo. Schrift	1882
150			E. Noll & Jno. Kackel	1882
1			Wm. J. Jones	1882
			Clearfield Township.	
25			Robert Hewit	1880
			East Conemaugh Bor.	
	1		John Shaffer	1880
	1		N. H. Benett	1882
			Conemaugh Township.	
	1		James Nilson (est)	1880
120			Samuel Miller	1880
45			Abe Gonchnour	1880
	1		Isaac Hawn	1880
			Lewis Banner, (Ins's)	1882
			Croyle Township.	
	1		John Lorod	1878
			Dean Township.	
25			Robert Hewit	1880
			Gallitzin Borough.	
	1		Henry Johnston	1879
	1		John McHugh	1882
			Gallitzin Township.	
			Philip Clark (est)	1880
			Jackson Township.	
50			Michael J. Hager	1880
			Johnstown Borough 1st Ward.	
			Samuel Snagle	1882
			Johnstown Borough 4th Ward.	
	1		August Blackburn	1882
	1		Conrad Smith	1882
	1		Henry Freese	1882
	1		Charles Murray	1882
	1		Jacob Fromor	1882
	1		Henry Michaels	1882
			Munster Township.	
25			Henry McIntosch	1880
			Portage Township.	
			Rose McGough	1880
121			Name	1880
1			Joseph Heiser	1882
100			Rotunia McKenrue	1882
107			C. C. George	1882
	1		Christ. Hazer	1882
	1		Isaac Shaffer	1882
			Prospect Borough.	
	1		Matthew McDermott	1880
	1		Anthony Cameron	1882
	1		Sarah A. Green	1882
			Richland Township.	
	1		Patrick Dorsey	1872
			Reade Township.	
20			Hollen Coufer	1882
			Susquehanna Township.	
80			Joseph Craver	1880
3			Joseph Stiffer	1882
			Taylor Township.	
	2		John H. Good	1882
30			Anthony Prescott	1880
4			Michael Cutz	1880
9			Michael Cute	1880
			Stonycreek Township.	
	1		Nicholas Noor	1880
160	1		B. F. Slick	1880
1			*White Township.*	
			Daniel Heisel	1870
2	1		Merriley Jefferies	1880
82	1		Samuel Akin	1880
3			Alex. C. Gray	1882
			Washington Township.	
75			Samuel Thomas	1878
13			Thomas Barnes	880
1			Catharine McCullough	1880
2			Patrick Dondy	1880
1	1		Philip Geurce	1882
	1		F. P. Myers	1882
	1		James McMahan	1882
			Yoder Township.	
100			Wadeworth M	1880
400			Jacob Oates	1880
50			John Lohr	1880
400			Geo. Oates (est)	1880
200			Name	1880
	1		Jeruiah Pinrod	1880
			Yoder Township.	
	1		Thomas Myers	1882
6	1		Sylvester Garity	1882
80			John E Smith	1882
	1		John White	1882
	1		Pennel Eldridge	1882
	1		Chas. Brede	1882
1			Daniel H. Richard, Jr.	1882
	1		Jacob Davis	1882
10			P. J. Hawn	1882
	1		John O'Conner	1882
	1		Joseph Jenkins	1882
1			Baltzer & Co	1882

UNSEATED LANDS.

Ac's.	Per's.	NAMES.	Year of Purchases.
		Adams Township.	
400		Henry Rice	1880
400		O'Neill	1882
		Barr Township.	
	80	Daniel Barr (part)	1880
		Blacklick Township.	
7	112	William Cameron	1880
		Cambria Township.	
80		William Burnhamer	1880
25		Jno. Boyd	1880
		Clearfield Township.	
279		Finney & Barrow & Co	1880
		Dean Township.	
330		John Brotherline	1880
400		Andrew Grayson	1882
		Jackson Township.	
42		Alex. Hunter	1878
100		David Stiffler	1880
150		Samuel Stibb	1880
20		Jno. Steel	1880
68		Isaac Bowers	1880
		Reade Township.	
400		Jas. E. Davis	1882
200		Jno. Bell	1882
402		Patrick Boreland	1882
		Taylor Township.	
18		Mary Whitmen	1882
		White Township.	
98		Henry Philips	1880
50		Fred Dearsh	1880
20		William Crate	1880
		Gallitzin Township.	
142	128	John Gray	1882
		Washington Township.	
304		Michael Ryan	1870

The owners of the above pieces and tracts of land desiring to redeem them, can do so by applying to the Commissioners at their office before the time of the sale, and by paying the amount of the purchase by the Commissioners, accrued taxes since, and interest on said amounts, together with the costs of transfer of deed and of this advertisement.

DAVID HAMILTON, }
JAMES COSTLOW, } Commissioners
JOHN KERR. }

D. A. McGOUGH, Clerk.

Ebensburg, Nov. 10, '87.

REGISTER'S NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that the following named accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's office at Ebensburg, in and for the county of Cambria, and will be presented at the Orphans' Court of said county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, December 7, A. D 1887, to wit:

1. The first and final account of Inglehart Hander, executor of Mary Leather, late of Carroll township, deceased.

2. The second and final account of John H. Douglas, surviving executor of Thomas Adams, Sr., late of Clearfield township, deceased.

3. The second and final account of Silas Rowland, executor of John Lonz, deceased, late of Jackson township.

4. The first and final account of A. W. Buck, administrator of Stephen G. Callan, deceased, late of Washington township.

5. The first account of Sylvester W. Byrne, guardian of minor children of William Yonur, deceased.

6. First and final account of John B. Overberger, guardian of Michael Overberger, late of Carroll township, deceased.

7. First and final account of M. L. Glasgow and W. E. Glasgow, administrators of Eliza Noble, late of Reade township, deceased.

8. The first and final account of Job Morgan, administrator of T. A. of Richard Morgan, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

9. First and final account of Catharine and Wilham W. Garman, administrators of William A. late of Ebensburg borough, deceased.

10. First and partial account of Evan Thomas, administrator of Elias Thomas, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

11. The account of H. J. Roberts, administrator of Sarah E. Morrell, late of Johnstown borough, deceased.

12. First and final account of Joseph Heslop, administrator of Mary Heslop, late of Upper Yoder township, deceased.

13. First account of William M. Dodson, guardian of minor children of Joseph Fieldhouse, late of Millville borough, deceased.

14. Filed and final account of John D. Reese, administrator of Joseph Fieldhouse, late of Millville borough, deceased.

15. First and final account of Joseph Heslop, administrator c. t. a. of Teresa Scanlan, late of Johnstown township, deceased.

16. First and final account of W. J. Hager, administrator of Frederick Shade, late of Lower Yoder township, deceased.

17. Second account of John H. Douglas, guardian of minor children of Magdalena Luther late of Clearfield township, deceased.

18. First account of Joel Gates, administrator of Daniel H. Donley, late of White township, deceased.

19. First account of Joseph A. Gray, trustee to sell real estate of F. X. Christy, late of Gallitzin township, deceased.

20. First account of Joseph Youngkin, trustee to sell real estate of David Youngkin, late of Reade township, deceased.

21. First and final account of G. J. Westover, administrator of John Westover, late of Susquehanna township, deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR, Register.

Ebensburg, Nov. 7, '87.

TRIAL LIST.

Blanch & Stutzman	vs.	B. & O. R. R. Co.
Thomas	vs.	Reese.
McLaughlin	vs.	Flinn.
Williams	vs.	Vinton.
Bracken	vs.	Farabaugh.
Same	vs.	Same.
Rose	vs.	Rose.
King	vs.	C. & N. Co. & N. Y. & P. R. R Co.
Dibert	vs.	Bradley, et. al.
Reams Adm'r	vs.	McFeeley.
McCullaugh	vs.	Ivory.
Taylor	vs.	McKenna.
Cole's Est	vs.	Noble.
Myers	vs.	Hurcom.
Flick	vs.	Loretto Bor.
Gelf	vs.	Walbon.
Nobley	vs.	Kramer, Mann & Co.
Shoemaker	vs.	Hearor.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, Nov. 7, 1887.

DR. OLDSHOE,

534 GRANT STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Minerva Eckels by her next friend John W. Morris vs. Grant Eckels. | IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, No. 1, June Term, 1887. | Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA,

To GRANT ECKLES, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, as heretofore commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge, at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife Minerva Eckels should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she has contracted with you the said Grant Eckels, agreeable to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 10 day of November, A. D. 1887.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, Nov. 11.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Elizabeth Hengentable by her next friend Henry Bower vs. John C. Hengentable. | IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, No. 1 June Term, 1887. | Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

To JOHN C. HENGENTABLE, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, as heretofore commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge, at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife Elizabeth Hengentable, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she hath contracted with you the said John C. Hengentable, and why she is not to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston, President Judge of our said Court, this 10th day of November, A. D. 1887.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, December 11, 1887.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Hannah E. Weible by her next friend John Wilsin vs. Frank Weible. | IN the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria County, No. 1, June Term, 1887. | Alias Subpœna in Divorce.

COUNTY OF CAMBRIA, SS.

THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA.

To PETER KELLY, GREETING:

WE COMMAND YOU, as heretofore commanded, that all matter of business and excuses being set aside you be and appear in your proper person before our Judge, at Ebensburg, at our Court of Common Pleas, there to be held on the first Monday of December next, to show cause, if any you have, why your wife Hannah E. Weible, should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony which she has contracted with you the said Frank Weible, agreeable to Petition and Libel exhibited against you before our said Court, and this you shall in no wise omit at your peril.

WITNESS the Honorable Robert L. Johnston President Judge of our said Court, this 10 day of November, A. D. 1887.

H. A. SHOEMAKER, Pro'y.

Ebensburg, November 11, 1887.

OCURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS THE HON. ROBERT L. JOHNSTON, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of the 42 d Judicial District, consisting of the County of Cambria, has issued his precept bearing date the 15th day of September, 1887, to me directed for holding a Court of Over and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, and Quarter Sessions of the Peace, in Ebensburg for the County of Cambria, and to commence on the First Monday of June, 1887, and to continue two weeks.

NOTICE IS HEREBY

Candy Making.

The mother who stops and buys a stick of candy to pacify her child would probably be surprised if informed that candy manufacture is one of the great industries of the city; that thousands of men, women, and children, many thousands of dollars' worth of machinery, and whole great buildings are called into play in appeasing the sweet tooth of humanity. The young man who stops to count up the expense of the many boxes of French mixed he has presented to his best girl with the oft-repeated motto, "Sweets to the sweet," perhaps would not be so much surprised. Candy is a luxury, pure and simple, and there is no better way of observing how the luxuries of life must be holding their own in the popular demand, side by side with, and sometimes at the expense of, the necessities than to spend a few hours in a candy manufactory. Such an establishment, on a large scale, has its chemist, its designer, a number of skilled hands trained by years of labor for certain special branches, and scores of more ordinary workmen. Sugar is bought by the ton, starch and glucose in large quantities, cocoanuts by the car load, besides cochineal, prepared fruits, etc.

The business may properly be divided into two general branches—the making of stick candy and of the various fancy kinds. The most interesting branch by all odds is the first mentioned, and is as much of a revelation when seen for the first time as glass blowing. The mixture, after boiling, is thrown in a pliable state on large stone slabs, where it runs out flat into thick sheets. These sheets are repeatedly picked up, doubled over, and kneaded together until they become of the right consistency, when they are rolled into one immense cylinder of a grayish color. A narrow strip of the same mixture, colored red with cochineal, is laid along one side of the larger piece and adheres to it. Little strips of a shade made whiter by pulling are also laid lengthwise and all around that cylinder equal distances apart. This gives an immense stick of soft, gray candy, with one big red stripe and several white ones, all running lengthwise on it. A man with a pair of gloves on takes hold of this and pulls it out the whole length of the long table at one end of which it lies, runs his closed hand along the sugar rope thus made with such dexterity as to make it perfectly round and of the exact size he wishes, twists the rope once or twice to make the stripes run around it, and, presto! there is a stick of candy as long as a fish pole. All this is done quick as a wink, the long, pliant rope squirming into place like snakes under the magician's hand, until the whole cane is covered with them. When they are cool, they are cut into the right length with a peculiar pair of shears. There is as much stick candy sold as all the other kinds put together. The operation just described requires a workman who has had years of experience.

Making the various kinds of fancy candies is a more complicated matter. There is a designer, whose business it is to continually invent novel devices, artistic forms and imitations of nature—frogs, bugs, mice, fruits, nuts, etc. These devices are reproduced in plaster of Paris, and several of a kind fastened on a stick. The instrument thus furnished is repeatedly stamped into the level surface of boxes of pulverized cornstarch. Into these holes in the cornstarch the prepared syrup is turned, and cools in the required shape. The candy is then placed in pans and syrup turned over it, which, after several hours, cools and covers it with crystals. Then, when exposed in the gaslight, it sparkles and appeals to the eye as well as the palate. All this trouble has been taken to probe the young man's pocketbook, and the reflection should afford him some satisfaction when spending his last dollar.

Great quantities of fruit, especially the quince, pear, apple, and apricot, are consumed in the manufacture of candy, giving their flavor to the finished confection. The manufacture of motto candies ought to interest sentimental people. The material of these tender little billet doux is made plastic by means of gum tragacanth, kneaded like dough, and rolled out, as if for cookies, with a long rolling pin. The mottos are then stamped on by means of a copper stamp dipped in cochineal dye, and lozenges cut out with a cutter, square, round, or heart-shaped. Sugar is confessedly sweet. But a sugar lozenge, with one of these mottos on it, is "sweeter than anything on earth." Many a schoolboy, in the flush and fury of his first young love, has laid his heart on one of these lozenges, as on a platter, and sent it to some rosy lass. What could be more effective as a feeler than this: "Your eyes are bright as diamonds"? It contains the whole science of courtship—flattery.

Origin of the Word Cigar.

The origin of the word cigar is of some interest, and is not to be found in the ordinary dictionaries. The word, of course, is Spanish, and Littre in his French dictionary, says that it is derived from cigare, the Spanish name for grasshopper, and is so called because of the resemblance of the article to the body of a grasshopper. This seems very farfetched, and there is another derivation which seems more reasonable. When the Spaniards first introduced tobacco into Spain from the island of Cuba in the sixteenth century they cultivated the plant in their gardens, which, in Spain, are called cigarrales. Each grew his tobacco in his cigarral, and rolled it up for smoking as he had learned it from the Indians in the West Indies. When one offered a smoke to a friend he could say: "Es de mi cigarral"—It is from my garden. Soon the expression came to be Este cigarras es de mi cigarral"—This cigar is from my garden. And from this the word cigar spread over the world. The name cigarral for garden comes from cigarra, a grasshopper, the insect being very common in Spain, and cigarral meaning the place where the cigarra sings. In this way the word cigar comes from cigarra, the name of the insect, not because it resembles the body of the grasshopper, but because it was grown in the place it frequents.

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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

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Quick, complete cure, all kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, scalding, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder. $1, druggists.

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Flies, roaches, ants, bed bugs, rats, mice, gophers, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

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"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures cholera, colic, cramps, diarrhœa, aches, pains, sprains, headache, toothache, rheumatism. 25c. Rough on Pain Plasters, 15c.

Sexiness.

If you are failing, broken down, old and nervous, use Wells' Health Renewer. $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

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Cures piles or hemorrhoids; itching, protruding, bleeding, internal or other, internal and external; 50 cents in each package. Sure cure, 25c. Druggists.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

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"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

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Fallen Timber,	10.37	6.25
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Flyn City,	2.45	7.16
Fallen Timber,	2.52	7.23
Shirley,	2.02	7.27
Frugality,	2.06	7.31
Dean,	3.10	7.35
Condron,	3.16	7.40
Dysart,	3.23	7.49
Millside,	3.28	7.55
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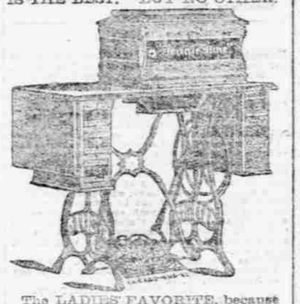

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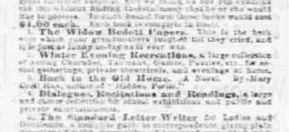

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Alfred Stone's Terrible Experience On a Frail Raft.

Up to the arrival of the schooner Pomeroy, from Chicago, which passed through the bay to day, it was supposed that not a single surviver was left of the forty or fifty people on board the propeller Vernon, which went down off Sheboygan early last Saturday morning. It is now known, however, that at least one man lives to tell the tale of that terrible night on Lake Michigan. The Pomeroy has on board the only survivor, so far as is now known, of that terrible disaster.

The name of the man who has thus been rescued from death, after he had given up all hope of ever again setting his foot upon dry land, is Alfred Stone, of Chicago, one of the Vernon's crew. He has been in the water sixty hours, exposed to a bitter, piercing wind and without a bite to eat. When the Pomeroy discovered him on a raft last night, about eight miles from Sheboygan (it was a clear, moonlight night), Stone was so cold as to be almost helpless and so weak from hunger that he could scarcely move. Although still very weak from the effects of his awful experience Stone was able to make a brief statement of the never-to-be-forgotten night.

"I was awakened in the middle of the night," he said, "by the cries of the passengers and crew that the vessel was sinking. I sprang out of the window and found myself on a life-raft with six other persons. I cannot say now who my companions were. Part of them were members of the crew and part were passengers. It seemed only a moment before the vessel had gone down, and I believe that all but a few of those on board went down with her. I do not know just how many people were aboard at the time, but the number could not have been far from fifty.

"We passed through an awful night. I think I never saw such a sea as that which tossed our little craft at its mercy. When daylight came we hoisted a signal of distress, using a coat tied on an oar. Two vessels passed so near us on Saturday that they must have seen our signal, yet for some reason they apparently made no effort to reach us. The storm still raged and it may be that they had all they could do to save themselves.—One after another of my companions perished in the cold or washed off the raft when they became too numb with the cold to hold on any longer.—We never saw any others from the sunken steamer and I don't believe that any others survived. The vessel went down so suddenly that the crew hadn't time to man the boats."

When Stone was picked up there was the corpse of one man on the raft with him, the other four having perished several hours before. Stone says this man was one of the crew whose name he does not know.

How Our Ancestors Lived.

The view that we take of everything depends upon the principle of contrast and comparison. Many years ago the majority of our ancestors lived in mud huts, with no chimneys or glass windows, with no separate apartments by day or by night, no carpets on the floor, and more generally no floor except the bare earth.

As late as the time of Edward III, the household furniture of respectable, well-to-do families consisted of a bed—though this was a luxury by no means universal—a brass pot for cooking purposes, a gridiron, a brass cup, a rag or two and a towel. They had no chairs or tables, and even in the houses of the nobility there was nothing but a chest to sit upon. With their habits of life cleanliness was impossible, and it was considered extravagant to have clean straw on the floor every day. They lived for the most part on salted meats, and in the reign of Henry VIII. our most common vegetables were unknown. They had no tea or coffee, and no such variety of breadstuffs as are common in the humblest households now. If any of us were suddenly reduced to this style of living, the discomfort would be intolerable, but it is not to be supposed that our venerable ancestors had any such feeling growing out of the way in which they were obliged to live.

They never had any experience of a better style of life, and were content with things as they were. Within a very few years we have become habituated to many luxuries in our domestic life, which, in time, will be regarded as almost indispensable; and what is to come in the future no one can tell.

Business is Business.

"It was the last request of the deceased," said a Kansas City minister in the course of the funeral sermon of one of that city's most active real estate boomers, "that immediately after the service at the grave an auction sale of lots in his Prospect Park addition will be held, and for that purpose Col. Inflater, the well-known real estate auctioneer, will be present and conduct the sales. A strange request, you will say, my friends, and a queer place for such a sale—in a cemetery. My own idea," continued the minister, as he propped up the back cover of the Bible with the hymn book, "was to have the procession go around Prospect Park with a brass band and hold the auction right on the lots before going to the cemetery at all; tehn buyers could see just what they are getting. But, then, no two men ever conducted a real estate boom exactly alike, and the dying wish of the brother shall be complied with. Sing the 275th hymn—the 275th, "Away, vain earthly things,"

Wolves and Cattle.

Three prospectors in Texas came upon a herd of 300 cattle the other day just as eight big gray wolves cut out a cow and calf and pitched upon them. The cow bellowed, and at once with a rush the herd gathered and drove away the wolves. The latter soon discovered another cow and calf, and made a dash for them and, in spite of the frantic efforts of the mother, got the calf down; but again the herd came to the rescue, and this time chased the wolves until they gave up the contest and disappeared.

HEARTLESS CRUELTY

it is to delude a poor sufferer into the belief that some worthless liniment will cure rheumatism and neuralgia. Honesty is the best policy in the manufacture of proprietary articles as in all other matters, and the fact that the proprietors of Athlophoros have never claimed for it even all its merit would warrant has not a little to do with its wonderful popularity, and the thousands of grateful testimonials received by them show that their policy has been wise as well as right.

Experience has amply demonstrated that mere outward applications are worthless. The disease has its seat in the blood, and any remedy to be successful must deal with the obstructive acid which poisons and inflames it.

Athlophoros acts on the blood, muscles and joints directly. It takes the poison out of the blood and carries it out of the system; it invigorates the action of the muscles and limbers the stiffness of the joints. It reaches the liver and kidneys, cleansing them from irritating substances, and, if followed up after the rheumatic conditions cease, it will restore these organs to regularity and health.

West Chazy, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1886.

Yours of August 14th, is at hand, and in reply would say that Athlophoros proved the most effectual remedy for neuralgia in the case of my son that I ever tried. After using half a bottle he was not troubled any more for six months.

HENRY HARRIS.

Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Aug. 10, 1886.

I am thankful that I tried Athlophoros. I had rheumatism seven years, part of the time could not move; but to-day I am well and hearty. I write this hoping some other sufferer may try it.

W. S. FLEMING.

Every druggist should keep Athlophoros and Athlophoros Pills, but where they cannot be bought of the druggist the Athlophoros Co., 112 Wall St., New York, will send either (carriage paid) on receipt of regular price, which is $1.00 per bottle for Athlophoros and 50c. for Pills.

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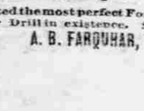

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At Dawn of Day.

The yellow light-house star is quenched
Across the lonely sea;
The mountains rend their misty veils,
The wind of dawn blows free:
The waves beat with gladder thrill,
Pulsing in lines of spray,
And fast and far chime on the bar—
God bless my dear to-day!

A thousand leagues may lie between
A world of distant dim;
But speeding with the speeding light
My heart goes forth to him.
Faster than wind or waves it flies,
As love and longing may,
And undenied stands by his side—
God bless my dear to-day!

God bless him if he wake to smiles,
Or if he wake to sighs;
Temper his will for every fate,
And keep him true and wise;
Be to him all I fain would be
Who is so far away,
Light, counsel, consolation, cheer—
God bless my dear to-day!

The gradual light has grown full din
And streameth far abroad;
The urgence of my voiceless plea
Is gathered up by God;
Take some sweet thing which else were mine,
Truly I dare to pray,
And with it brim his cup of joy—
God bless my dear to-day!

Benefits of the Moon.

The moon ministers to human wants in several ways that are not so apparent as its light-giving function, although some of them are much more important. It is by observing the position of the moon with reference to the fixed stars that the navigator determines his longitude. Upon the revolution of the moon about the earth is based a convenient division of time—the month—intermediate between that furnished by the earth's daily rotation and its revolution through its orbit. Doubtful points in ancient chronology have been frequently settled by means of eclipses of the moon, the dates of which could be accurately determined. The intervention of the moon in eclipsing the sun gave astronomers the opportunities for obtaining their first knowledge in regard to the solar envelope. But the largest effects on human welfare are produced by the moon through the agency of the tides. Twice a day the decomposing organic matter brought down to the sea-shore by rivers, or deposited along the water's edge by human agency, is swept away by the tide wave in its course around the globe. This sanitary service which the moon performs is of inconceivable value. In many harbors large ships and heavily-loaded rafts and barges are moved from the entrance to their wharves, miles above, by that slow but powerful tug, the flood tide. An amount of work is thus done which, if it had to be provided by artificial means, would cost for such a port as London thousands, perhaps millions, of pounds yearly.

Moorish Horsemanship.

Now and then a stranger, the owner of a good horse, and a man having confidence in his own horsemanship, declines to join the band of riders. He prefers showing off on his own account. "Who is he? Where does he came from?" and similar inquiries are heard as he rides down the line of spectators in a preparatory walk. He seems pleased rather than the reverse to hear these remarks, especially so when some rather uncomplimentary surmises are ventured upon about himself or steed. Presently down comes this unknown Knight in all his glory! Upright he stands upon his stirrups—high above his horse's neck—with gun to shoulder. Now he points to the right, now to the left, now to the front, and then suddenly twisting round he lets fly his gun as if at some pursuing enemy. There is a murmer of applause as he leisurely walks his horse back, and each time as he returns he earns by some new feat the approving shouts of the delighted crowd. In his last round his steed is galloping faster than ever, but the rider seems tired and careless. However, like a thought—like a flash of lightning—he is suddenly standing on his feet in his saddle, with gun to shoulder. As the wapon blazes away he seems to split in two, and, with a thud, he is once more astride of his steed, which this time is not checked, but gallops off with him, back, probably, to Fez or Morocco, where the Sultan has an army of such horsemen.

Puzzled Lambs.

It is said that so acute is the sheep's sense of hearing, that she can distinguish the cry of her own lamb among a thousand others, all bleating at the same time; and the lamb is able to recognize its mother's voice, even though it be in the midst of a large flock. James Hogg, who was a shepherd as well as a poet, tells that it is very amusing to watch the sheep and lambs during the shearing season. While the sheep were being shorn, the lambs would be put into a fold by themselves, and the former be sent to join their little ones as soon as the operation of shearing is over. The moment a lamb heard its mother's voice it would hasten from the crowd to meet her. Instead of finding the "rough well clad mamma" which it had left a short time before, it would meet a strange and most deplorable looking creature. At the sight of this it would wheel about, uttering a most piteous cry of despair. Soon, however, the sheep's voice was heard again the lamb would thereupon turn, and sometimes repeat this conduct for ten or a dozen times before it fully understood that the shorn ewe was in reality its mother.

OWING to the scarcity of farm help, many Chester county farmers have experienced considerable trouble this season in getting their corn husked, and most of this crop is yet untouched. Last week the wives and daughters of J. C. Saylor and E. P. Johns, of North Coventry township, heard their husbands and fathers complaining of their ill luck in getting help, when they offered to husk the crops on both farms at four cents per shock. The offer was accepted, and in less than four days they had the work completed in good style and their bill presented for services rendered, and which was paid on sight.

Is Life Worth Living?

That depends upon the Liver, for if the Liver is inactive the whole system is out of order—the breath is bad, digestion poor, head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirits are depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The Liver is the housekeeper of the health; and a harmless, simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure during its use, makes Simmons Liver Regulator a medical perfection.

I have tested its virtues personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing Headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw. Have tried forty other remedies before Simmons Liver Regulator, and none of them gave more than temporary relief, but the Regulator not only relieved but cured.

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The best Cough Cure you can use. And the best preventive known for Consumption. It cures Lobby pains, and all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs and all Female Complaints. The feeble and sick, suffering against disease, and slowly drifting towards the grave, will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S TONIC, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. Sold by all Druggists in large bottles at $1.00.

HINDERCORNS

The safest, surest, quickest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, Warts, Moles, Callousses, &c. Hinders their further growth. Stops all pain. Gives no trouble. Makes the feet comfortable. Hindercorns cures when everything else fails. Sold by Druggists or Mc. HISCOX & Co., N. Y.

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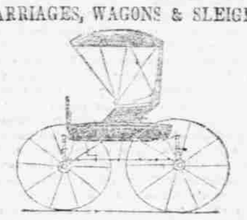

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